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THE FIREMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY ERUIN.

Hear the old bell tolling, see the engines rolling
Down the street, swift and fleet,
Hear the cry, as they fly,
To where duty's calling.
Ding-dong!—ding-dong! loud and long,
It calls the brave to succor and save,
They swift comply, and now they fly,
To where the walls are falling.

When duty calls, no fear appals—
No bated breath does shrink from death—
No heart is weak, nor blanched a cheek,
Nor lauden is the eye.
Unarmored life they give to strife,
To sever the hand that holds the brand,
Make the fire king reel, and tremble, and kneel,
Ere the tyrant's doomed to die.

Hark! hear the shriek! 'tis the voice of the weak,
It comes from the cloud, that entwines, like a shroud,
The mother now wild for the fate of her child,
And who screams with the force of despair.
Ding-dong! 'tis the bell, it sounds like a knell—
The crackling flame hisses her name—
But there are hearts there to save in the breasts of the brave,
And they rescue the form of the fair.

Ding-dong!—ding-dong! loud and long,
The bells are tolling, the engines are rolling,
Down the street, like coursers fleet,
To where the walls are falling.
The brave and strong are flying along,
For it calls the brave to succor and save,
And night or day all hearts obey,
The voice of duty calling.

EARL F. PIERCE—Ethiopian Comedian. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

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THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND," And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE LADDER OF CRIME.

"No, sir, Edith Wray aint my daughter, and never was born to be mine, either. She belongs to some one far richer than that miserly banker, any how."

It was in the little back parlor of the "Spotted Dog," a noted beer shop, wherein nightly congregated a miscellaneous collection of individuals, whose origin and habits of life were of a strangely inexplicable nature, that Joe Wray, familiarly known as the hostler, unbosomed himself to no less a shrewd listener than Bob Ridley, counsellor at law.

"My dear fellow," said the attorney, masking his curiosity at this avowal by an assumption of astonishment, "if it had been anybody else but you, honest Joe, I shouldn't have believed it. Well, accidents will happen in the best regulated families; as Mrs. Wray was an uncommon good-looking lady, I suppose you found it in your heart to forgive her."

Old Joe was not thoroughly intoxicated, but had simply imbibed a sufficient quantity of brandy and warm water to render him communicative; in fact, he had reached that degree of inebriety technically denominated mellow. Notwithstanding the disturbance of his mental equilibrium, the hostler comprehended at once the indignity of the counsellor's allusion, hence he quickly warmed into a passion worthy of an insulted widower.

"Mr. Ridley," quoth Joe, bringing his hand upon the table with a rap, which set the glasses into a reel, "my wife, that's dead, was as virtuous and as honest a woman as ever lived—an infernal sight better than most women—your mother, Bob Ridley, most particularly."

"You don't understand me, Joe," said the counsellor in a conciliatory tone; I wouldn't say anything against your good lady for the world—that I would not. Only I thought you said you wasn't Edith's father, did you not?"

"So I did," responded the old man, somewhat sobered by the passing excitement, and apparently repentant of his confession, "and I say it again."

"Oh! I see," resumed the counsellor with an air of hilarity; "how very stupid in me not to have got the hang of it—the old lady was married before."

"No, she was not," said Joe, doggedly; "nothing of the kind—that I know."

"Dear me, how very strange," continued the lawyer, tapping with his closed fist upon his forehead; "my brain must be peculiarly stupid; but hang me, Joe, if I can make the thing out—for the life of me, I can't."

And then, as if to aid in removing the obscurity from his intellect, Mr. Ridley opened the parlor door and summoned a red-headed bar maid, dispensing beverages from within a hemicircle of pewter mugs and beer barrels, to send him replenished glasses.

"Not your child, Joe?" resumed the learned counsellor in a tone of dubiousness, as he crushed up the sugar at the bottom of his glass with a German silver muddler, which might have served, on an emergency, for a wafer stamp. "No, sir, I can't make it out."

"Well, I can," quoth Joe, whose confidence in the lawyer had been restored by the additional libation; "Edith aint the old woman's child, either."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the counsellor, who'd a thought it, so like your poor dear wife—her very eyes and nose—and she acts and sings just like her?"

"Not by a long shot," returned Joe somewhat gruffly. "Edith dont come from our stock; she dont belong to our tribe; and if the poor girl has to perform for a living, it wasn't altogether my fault; no, he, damn 'em! it was the fault of those who cast her off—little angel as she was."

Honest old Joe paused in his rhapsody, and wiped his moistened eyes, for a reminiscence of his past days, ungrateful to his conscience, flitted across his brain; so, for consolation sake, he drained off his liquor moodily.

"Who are her parents, then?" asked the lawyer in a businesslike manner.

The hostler heeded not the question, but maintained a sullen silence.

"They ought to be ashamed of themselves," said Mr. Ridley, in accents of hypocritical sympathy, "to turn such a tender creature on the world, Joe; yes, on the world, when she might have adorned a palace, my man!"

"That's so, Mr. Ridley," responded Joe, who seemed to have lost all desire to gratify the scheming counsellor's curiosity with respect to the past history of the fair equestrienne. But Mr. Ridley, who scented a financial advantage in solving the mystery, was not a man to be baffled in a hunt after evidence, so he plied his companion alternately with questions and drinks, cautiously, craftily, and with such liberality as to derive the important facts that the child had been committed to the care of the strolling couple by parties of an evident wealthy condition, upon promise of liberal recompense, which Joe admitted to have been fulfilled for a year or so; but as to their identity, the memory of the hostler, naturally treacherous, but now almost wholly destroyed by inebriety, was unable to furnish any definite clue. However, this information was a point gained which promised future developments to the ingenious legal speculator.

"Once I heard from them," said Joe, continuing his narrative, "but I didn't see them. For they sent me money, that Edith might go to school; but the pay stopped after awhile, and then she became our child again."

"And you have kept all this business quiet so long, Joe?" inquired Ridley. "Why didn't you tell me of it before? I might have been of service."

"Well, I did intend to tell Edith," continued Joe, "when she got married; but then Ned Meadows is such a poor shote, that it's only money wasted to put it in his hands; but now she's rid of him, perhaps you can aid me."

"In what manner?" interposed the counsellor eagerly. "In any way command me, for I'd die to serve you or Edith—that I would."

"Well," resumed the hostler, after a few seconds' hesitation; "you're a lawyer, and plaguey smart at that—I don't think they can beat you."

"I rather reckon they can't," quoth Bob Ridley with a smile, and then, in gratitude for the compliment, he ordered in a fresh jorum of hot punch.

"To-day, you know, Mr. Ridley," again quoth Joe, waxing confidential proportionately as the stimulating quality of the beverage worked upon him, "Edith and I went to see that old banker, and she told him her opinion of his son—that she did. Well, I couldn't believe my eyes. Why, that old curmudgeon was the very old scoundrel who put the girl in my charge, and he ordered us out of his house—that he did."

"Astonishing!" ejaculated the counsellor, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Yes, Mr. Ridley," continued Joe, "for eighteen years I've been on the hunt for that man, and now I've stumbled on him, by thunder!"

"Can't you be mistaken?" interfered the lawyer significantly.

"Oh, no!" retorted the hostler earnestly. "I'd know him in a thousand, the same canting scoundrel, the identical smooth-tongued villain!"

"Joe, Joe," quoth the counsellor, rapturously, "your fortune's made—that it is, Joe; but mind, not a word to any one else, not a word, I say."

"Shant I tell Edith?" inquired Joe, 'the fortune's hern.'

"All in good time," responded Bob Ridley, authoritatively; "from my very soul, I congratulate you, Joe. Never will want a drink in all your days. Try my way—let's have another punch on the strength of the good news—fortunes aint picked up every day, my dear fellow."

"I believe you, my friend," enthusiastically chimed in the hostler, who applied himself so vigorously to the contents of the bowl that before long he fell over upon the table, overpowered and stupified, when mine host of the "Spotted Dog," in deference to the request of Mr. Ridley, who was well esteemed by the patrons of that equivocal hostlery, suffered him to remain for a time in undisturbed stupor and lethargy.

After the departure of his legal friend, nothing disturbed the slumbers of the inebriated Joe, notwithstanding the noise and bustle of the beer-shop, created by the coarse tongues and indecent wrangles of its habitual patrons, the sallies of lewd wit and boisterous mirth followed by strife and quarrel, until a heavy hand placed upon his shoulder partially aroused him from his torpor.

"Wake up, Joe," gruffly said the proprietor of the Spotted Dog, a burly personage with sinister expression of countenance, "don't be bumming here all night, it's time to turn out; it's late, old fellow."

But the intoxicated man merely opened his eyes, attempted to rise from his chair, and then relapsed into inertness.

"Come up, Joe," continued the landlord, somewhat kindly, again having recourse to physical force, "only think if your daughter should see you now. Why, Joe, she'd cry her eyes out, the poor girl would."

With a desperate effort the hostler gained an upright position, and, staggering towards the parlor door, attempted, of his own strength, to emerge into the tap room, where he reeled and would have fallen had not the protecting arm of the publican stayed his onward passage.

"One more drink, and I'm off," quoth the drunkard, as, after many plunges and eccentric movements, he succeeded in reaching the public room, and found himself encircled by a bevy of idlers, tipplers, and vagrants of both sexes; "just for a night cap, my boy."

"Not another drink, Joe," said the publican, "go home right away."

"But I must have a drink," said the hostler, with maudlin dignity.

"Not a swallow, Joe," retorted the proprietor, emphatically.

"Then I won't go, I'll be d—d if I do," resumed Joe, with obstinacy.

"Oh, father, father, come away, I beg of you; do come, father dear."

The silvery tones of a female voice, attuned to a heartfelt entreaty, broke with novel effect upon the ears of the crew thronging the bar-room of the Spotted Dog, and all eyes turned with evident amazement upon the person of the adventurous intruder, penetrating, at this late hour, unprotected and alone, within this resort of disorder.

"Edith!" ejaculated the hostler, and the sight of the young woman appeared to restore him to comparative sobriety, "what brought you here?"

"To find you, father," answered Edith in a sob-broken voice, "come."

The patrons of the Spotted Dog, astonished at the spectacle presented to them, watched Joe's motions with undisguised satisfaction, as guided by the frail, but resolute support of his daughter, the inebriate, more trembling and unnerved than his female guardian, tottered with uneven tread through the doorway, which closed behind them with a seemingly ominous clamor, for there is no heart so depraved or lost to natural passion as not to feel the instinct of filial love.

"Oh, father, father!" muttered Edith, as the tears flowed from her eyes, "to find you in such a place. Indeed am I a poor, deserted creature."

But Joe was silent, for the fumes of his previous potations had weakened his intellect as well as his body, and he trudged along by the side of the equestrienne with purely mechanical motion. Still, as the night air fell in refreshing dampness upon his enervated frame, while Edith, cold and benumbed, drew more close around her shawl and bonnet, the man gathered vigor, and the mist, obscuring his faculties, passed insensibly away. Then the repentant Joe realized the pain and penalties of his daughter's philanthropic action, and he felt abashed that his reckless conduct had exposed her to the risk of insult and degradation.

"Don't leave me, Edith," said the hostler, as after a long and weary walk they reached the lodgings her frugal providence had assigned her erring parent, "do not leave, now, and I'll never drink again!"

"God be praised!" ejaculated the hopeful lady, but as she touched the hand of her father she was startled at its unusual heat, for she now perceived that his body burned in violence of nervous fever.

In the humble chamber of the hostler watched that live-long night his affectionate child, bending over his bedside in a sleepless vigil. On the first break of dawn, the wearied watcher deserted his couch for a few brief minutes, during which she hastened to summon medical aid, for the symptoms of the sleeper's condition excited suspicions of his danger, alas, too well founded; for on that very day Joe was carried a raving maniac to a lunatic asylum.

The revelation of Old Joe, wormed from him by the crafty Bob Ridley in the parlor of the Spotted Dog, produced so strong an impression on that astute counsellor, that, upon reaching his office, which, as well from motives of economy as of convenience, he was in the habit of occupying as his sleeping apartment, he devoted the greater part of the night to a mature consideration as to the probability of its accuracy. No man was better acquainted with the wealthy banker's habits and character than Bob, for they had been playmates and boon companions, fellow church members and copartners in business speculations, but, as accident would ordain, in those transactions, tainted with fraud, they invariably turned upon detection to the counsellor's detriment, while the goldsmith, on the other hand, realized handsome profits. Consequently, while the banker augmented in wealth and repute, the lawyer proportionately descended in the scale of respectability, until finally, upon his former friend Meadows' information, Bob was one day arrested for complicity in a forgery and consigned to a prison.

It is true that the financier magnanimously interfered in behalf of his unfortunate colleague, and obtained remission of his sentence, but not until after he had submitted to a twelve month of penitential discipline, and an exposition to public scandal. Conceiving his former friend to have been his betrayer, from a desire to neutralize his testimony, Bob rashly threatened to disclose secrets of their confederate rascality, and from that hour had sworn to be the banker's mortal enemy. For the sake of surfeiting his vengeance, the counsellor, as a precautionary device, had weaned away the affection and duty of the young Meadows, and by deceptive counsel allured him to a career of dissipation and prodigality, which touched his father in the most sensitive point. In Edward's marriage, Ridley saw at first but a means of humiliating the banker's pride, but now, should Joe's tale prove true, a vast project of revenge unfolded itself to despoil him of ill-gotten wealth, and to expose his perfidy to open scrutiny. But then, was not Bob a presumptive criminal, an expelled lawyer, whose reputation was none of the best, and whose associates were among the worst? The ingenious counsellor sighed as he thought of the obstacles in the work of perfect vengeance, and then again he chuckled as he foresaw that the blow, coming from unexpected sources, would fall with a tenfold violence.

Scarcely had the counsellor come to a definite conclusion as to the truth of Joe's narrative, and was about extinguishing his candle, when a knock at his private door announced the advent of a visitor. It was Edward Meadows, who, expelled from his wife's apartments, had been wandering in search of a lodging place, for, fascinated by the temptations of gaming, he had risked and lost the little store furnished through Edith's charitable foresight. "So, my fine fellow," quoth the counsellor, after cautiously allowing his visitor to enter his cabinet, "you've come to bunk? Played out *in toto?*"

"How did you find that out, Bob?" said Ned Meadows in wonderment.

"Little birds carry tales very fast," returned Ridley in an off-hand manner; "and nobody comes to me without being hard up. Aint that so?"

Edward Meadows shook his head for lack of an adequate reply.

"Now, Ned, once for all," returned the counsellor, without paying attention to his companion's movement, "you've got to live with your wife."

"And why so?" inquired the young husband, somewhat testily.

"Because it's for your own interests," replied the lawyer, firmly.

"She turned me out of doors," retorted Ned Meadows, with indifference.

"And served you right, Ned," rejoined Ridley with a sneer. "If you want to steal, rob from some one richer than yourself—there's lots of them."

"Bob, Bob Ridley," said the young man vehemently, "what do you mean by saying rob—that's what I want to know?"

"Pooh, pooh!" observed the counsellor with habitual *nonchalance*, "it aint worth while to chop straws; that money must be restored to Edith."

"But I haven't got a cent towards it," responded Meadows, and he cast down his eyes as the ignominy of his conduct returned to him.

"Then you must get it," suggested Ridley, with a determined air.

"But where?" my dear Bob," said Edward, with a shake of the head.

"That is your business, my fine fellow," quoth the counsellor with a smile. "Why don't you try the governor? he'll not miss so small a sum; and if he does he'll make it out of the bank in a day or so. Wont he let you have it?"

"Not a red," replied the banker's heir. "He's cut me off without a cent."

"Then," said the lawyer, with a shrug of the shoulders, "there's only one thing left—"

"What's that?" interrupted the young man with earnestness.

"To take it," replied Bob Ridley with slow and marked emphasis.

"Would you have me rob my own father?" said Ned, with an expression of disgust.

"Not rob, Ned," rejoined the counsellor, sarcastically, "only borrow from him, my boy. You understand? the same as you did from Edith."

"Good God, no!" ejaculated the young man, pacing the floor with hurried steps. "I could never do so base an act—'twould be a State Prison crime."

"With any one else, Ned," quoth the lawyer in a confidential tone of voice; "but I know your father too well to fear his prosecution of his only son. He has robbed too many in his day to turn the tables at his time of life. Besides, your fortune in the future turns upon papers he has in his hands, papers which it concerns both you and I that you shall have."

"But then it would be robbery," interrupted Ned Meadows, confusedly.

"Listen, Ned, and see what it will be," resumed Bob Ridley, in a cold and calculating manner. "Your father has disowned you—that he has a right to do; he has done further, he has wronged the woman who is your wife. Once get the evidence of his fraud, and you are a rich, a very rich man. If you call this robbery, then have it so, and leave the job alone. Do it, and you will be independent in the world; leave it alone, and starve. Think over it, my boy, and to-morrow, if you choose, you'll be worth a fortune. Now, Ned, to sleep; happy dreams and better courage attend you."

Mr. Ridley was not long composing himself for slumber, for he disengaged himself of his clothing with a dexterity which showed long practice, and many minutes did not elapse before he gave vocal evidence of his having passed away from terrestrial trouble. Far different was it with his companion, who, although he was wearied by the excitement of the past two days, and harassed at the unfavorable aspect of his personal fortune, laid himself down to court sleep, which seemed to flit away from his craving eyelids. Nervous and restless, he envied the indifference of Bob Ridley, who, if the density of his slumber could be the test of easiness of conscience, might be regarded as the most blessed of mortal creation. Then Edward resolved over in his mind the proposition of the counsellor, ever seeking to place the matter in a justifiable light, until at last he convinced himself that the task could be accomplished without criminal transgression. Up to this moment the conscience of Meadows hesitated at the prospect of open crime; now, the desperation of position rendered its adoption inevitable.

On the morrow, Edward Meadows became a pensioner on the bounty of his legal friend, and hesitated not to declare himself his willing tool in the accomplishment of any purpose. Then the worthy Bob, with commendable tact, revealed to him the story of Edith's presumptive parent, but the prodigal jeered at the tale as the creation of an inebriate's brain. The lawyer had, however, detected a germ of truth, which in his hand might augment into a stern reality.

"I remember, Ned," quoth Mr. Ridley, musingly, "your father when he was poor—that is some eighteen years ago—but reputed to be honest. That was when we were church members, in training for class leaders; and if it hadn't been for a woman scrape I should have stood top of the heap, but I slipped from grace for a bit of calico. It would have done your heart good to have seen your old man take up a collection, not a sinner escaped him with a spare cent in his pocket—he was a treasure to a church with a mortgage on it. Well, then, as I say, we were poor but honest."

"What's that to do with Edith and her money?" inquired the younger Meadows. "How do you know the old man's got the papers?"

"Don't be in a hurry, Edward," resumed Mr. Ridley composedly. "When your father rose in the world he was made trustee for several estates, and I drew many deeds for property, some signed by the parties during their lifetime, some after they were dead."

"Dead?" inquired Ned Meadows. "How could they make deeds then?"

"The fact is, Edward," said the lawyer jocosely, "we made them for them. Who could dispute the veracity of a pious bank president, or the business honor of a church-going counsellor at law?"

"That's the governor's guit, is it?" inquired the banker's son and heir.

"Just get the papers, Ned," retorted Bob cheerfully, "and won't we sweat him! We'll wring out spondulicks from him at every pore."

"That's so!" rejoined Ned Meadows, joyfully recognizing an unexplored and productive gold mine. "We'll skin him like an eel."

"And as business is business," quoth the counsellor, "and we're among friends, I'll just draw up a covenant sharing our profits—say one-half of all you make, and half of Edith's fortune when you get it."

"Anything you please, only be quick about it," replied the prodigal.

Late on a summer evening, the wealthy banker retired to his private chamber, where, in accordance with his daily habit, he rummaged over the contents of his deed chest, and assured himself that every evidence of his wealth was in correct position. Behind the tapestry of his bed-room, in which was concealed the depository of the secrets of his dealings, bonds, indentures and other documents. Mr. Meadows turned down the gas and obscured this private chamber, where profanation was never permitted to an ordinary domestic servant, and with a beating heart drew forth those cherished memorials. Then selecting a few from the package, he retired as stealthily from the apartment, as if he dreaded that the sight of them might chance exposure to even himself.

"Eighteen years is a long time," murmured Mr. Meadows, as he set about perusing the papers which he had extracted with such extraordinary precautions, "but then that man will remember me. The girl who came with him must be the child and married to my scapegrace. The fellow will doubt this, and cause me trouble, but I must brave it down. It were well to give him a few hundreds or so, to drink himself to death. But no, my infernal profligate of a son might outlive me and my wealth—curse him."

While in this manner the pious banker in secret cursed the offspring of his loins, he eagerly devoured the contents of a lengthy document, perusing and re-perusing each sentence with consummate pains and frequent interpretations, as if to catch the full meaning of the words.

"It is as plain as any lawyer could make it," resumed the banker, in renewed meditation, "drawn up in that scheming scoundrel Ridley's best style, and here is the release of Edith's interest in it."

It was now among the small hours of the morning, but the banker still continued in examining his title deeds until, wearied by his task, his head drooped and his eyes closed in slumber.

Suddenly one of the windows of his chamber was forced open, and with a cat-like tread, the discarded heir glided into the apartment, silently and cautiously proceeded to the inner chamber, and by a dexterous application of force, wrenched aside the covering to the secret depository of his father's parchment treasures, but not, however, without creating such a noise as to awaken the sleeping banker. In a state of alarm and with evident trepidation, the elder Meadows still clutching the document he had been perusing closely within his hand, hurried to the scene of disturbance. Livid with fear, the banker stood as one paralyzed, unable to articulate a word, petrified as it were at perceiving this intrusion within the very sanctuary of his household. Great indeed was his consternation when he observed the burglar coolly ransack his title deeds and cast package after package disdainfully through the open casement. Holding his breath, the banker, as craven in spirit as he was penurious at heart, watched their disappearance, until amazed at the boldness of the felonious deed, he gave vent to his pent-up emotions in a deep drawn sigh, which fell upon the plunderer's startled ear as a sound from beyond the grave.

"Thief!" muttered the banker with an involuntary utterance.

"Not a word," responded the intruder, and the ominous click of a pistol grated harshly upon the nerves of the terrified banker, "now give me that paper—the one in your hand—quick now."

"Edward!" ejaculated the elder Meadows, as he recognized the voice of his son, "what are you doing, and at this hour of the night?"

"Give me that paper," firmly continued the discarded heir.

"Never!" responded the old man, who had gained courage through having recognized the person of the intruder, "while I have strength to hold it."

True to his word, the banker retained a firm hold upon the document, and while seeking to baffle the vigorous efforts of the young man to obtain possession of it, a scuffle ensued, the clamor of which reverberating through the night's stillness, aroused the inmates of the house to a knowledge of this unexpected disturbance.

"Quick, that paper or your life!" shouted Edward Meadows, as the noise of footsteps and the clang of opening doors and rushing servants rendered him thoroughly desperate.

"Never!" courageously responded the banker.

The quick report of a pistol, followed by the fall of the wounded man, was the sole reply to this emphatic declaration. Ned Meadows, tearing the document from the relaxed grasp of his father, dashed through the open window and rapidly descended from the balcony overhanging the garden wall. With a few hasty bounds he reached the gate, of which he had a private key, but to his amazement, he found it firmly barred and bolted on the inside.

"Ned, you d—d fool," murmured the voice of Bob Ridley, as a hand drew him towards a dark corner, "give me the papers, and don't venture into the street for a moment—it's alive with men."

The banker's son here did as he was required, and upon listening, heard the sound of many steps. Then, in casual amazement, he beheld, in the dim haze of early dawn, surrounding windows crowded with human faces, apparently eager to detect the cause of the murderous alarm.

"Now then," said Ridley, as near upon an hour elapsed, and the scene of the turmoil had resumed its accustomed quietude, "steal softly through the gate, and in an hour meet me at the office."

The moments of suspense experienced by the culprit, although conv need that his father would never divulge the nature of his transgression, much less denounce the criminal, had thoroughly unnerved Edward's over-excited frame, but he mechanically obeyed the dictation of the lawyer as the sole means of ensuring escape.

"What will you do?" inquired the shivering malefactor, for the chill of the morning fell upon him with unexpected severity.

"Never mind me, my boy," replied the lawyer; "I'm

all hunk, only take care of yourself. No. 1 is the first law now."

But as Edward passed through the garden gate, a heavy hand was placed upon his shoulder, and petrified with fear, he found himself in the grasp of an athletic man.

"Hullo!" quoth the stranger, "I've been laying for you."

"I belong here," stammered the culprit, after a moment's pause.

"That cock won't fight," said the stranger, resolutely. "I've got you tight, old fellow, as sure as my name's Bill Bell."

Edward Meadows might have been almost instantly borne off to a prison, when, attracted by the noise of the disturbance, one of the banker's domestics came to his rescue.

"Oh, yes," said the servant, "that's Mr. Edward; he used to live here."

"Didn't I tell you so?" quoth the young man, and no sooner was the grasp upon him relinquished than he disappeared from sight.

TO BE CONTINUED

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence. FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

CONSTANT READERS, Winsted.—"A and B are throwing dice together, when C, interposing, says to A, 'I'll bet you that B's throw will *beat* yours.' The bet is taken by A; and the result of the throw is a *tie*. Does A win the bet or not?"......It is argued by some parties that in accepting the bet, A virtually took the converse of C's proposition, and bet that his (A's) throw would beat B's throw, and as both threw the same number, the bet is consequently a stand off. We do not look at it in that light. C, in making the offer, distinctly bets that B's throw will *beat* A's throw; in accepting, A bets that his (A's) throw will *not* be beaten. To win, B must throw higher than A; as he did *not* beat A's throw, our opinion is that A wins the wager.

KEOKUK.—"We wish to ask your opinion in regard to a bet that was made at the State Fair. One man proposed to bet that McClellan would carry four States; the other man took the bet, and put up the money. Is the man to name the States immediately or any time before the election? The bet was $500."..... What the real understanding of the parties may have been in making the wager, we do not know, but according to the above statement of our correspondent, our opinion is that the man need not name the States at all. If the result of the election shows that McClellan has carried four States, the man so betting wins the money.

NEW SUBSCRIBER, Lancaster, Ohio.—1. Miss Effie and Minnie left the Carter Troupe about four months ago, as their time had expired. They are at present in this city. 2. If the cue ball is "frozen" to another, you must first play on another ball without disturbing the one with which the cue ball is in contact; when, if you make a carom, you are of course entitled to the count. 3. Yes, Messrs. Phelan & Collender, of this city, publish two such works. See their address in their advertisement in another column.

BENJ. MORRIS, U. S. S. Saratoga.—"In a game of Base Ball, when two persons are out and a third strikes and hits the ball, is this person to make a home run all through the four bases in order to bring one of the two in? or where does he run, so as to bring about the same result?"......If the striker makes his first base, the player on the third scores his run if he gets home without being put out, and if the striker is put out on any base except the first, the player running home also scores his run.

A. F. H., Peterboro.—1. The record of the race in which Flora Temple made her fastest time of 2:19¾, states that it took place on the Kalamazoo, Mich., Course, on the 15th of October, 1859, Flora beating Princess and Honest Ance. The trot was for a purse of $2000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, Flora winning in three straight heats, the time being 2:32½; 2:22¼; 2:19¾. The track is said to be a full mile. 2. Flora Temple is yet living.

J. SMITH, Philadelphia.—1. Joe Coburn's weight when he fought Harry Gribben was 145½ lbs. 2. The CLIPPER has been in existence eleven and a half years, and is the oldest newspaper devoted to sports published on the American continent. 3. Sullivan's colors when he fought Hammer Lane were green with yellow spots.

TWO SOLDIER BOYS, Camp near Point of Rocks, Va.—"A friend and myself were playing cribbage; I played a six, he a five, I an ace, he a four, I a deuce, he a tray, and claimed a run of 6; I then played a six and claimed a run of six. He bets I cannot take the run. Can I?"......Yes, you were as much entitled to six for your sequence as your friend was to six for his.

LITTLE MAC, Mount Airy.—1. We can send you Nos. 8 and 16, but not No. 13. 2. Charles Wheatleigh is that gentleman's proper name. 3. Your friend is guying you, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh cannot be in your section of the country as by referring to our dramatic summary you will see that he is in California.

CAN'T SEE IT, New Orleans.—1. It is altogether a matter of opinion as to who is the *best* comedian in the country. 2. Vining Bowers was at last accounts in Montreal. He will shortly appear in your city at the Varieties Theatre.

D. B. W.—As a publication of the facts might injure the lady in whom you profess such an interest, you will excuse us if we omit the communication. Let the man know that we are in possession of the facts. It may induce him to change his course.

CLIPPER READER, Nashville.—We cannot undertake to decide who is the most competent teacher of boxing in this city. Terms vary; you can ascertain the rates by addressing a line to parties advertising in our Ring department.

J. A. P.—"In throwing dice, A bets B that he (B) does not throw ten. He throws eleven. A contends that B did not throw the exact amount, and that he is entitled to the wager. Who wins?" ......B wins, most certainly; the catch amounts to nothing.

A BOY OF SIXTEEN.—Your chances would be slim just now, all the positions being filled early in the season. It would do no harm, however, to call at the various houses, and make application in person.

G. F. C., Nashville.—No such price has been paid in this city for a substitute; you have been misinformed. As New York is now out of the draft, substitutes are not in such demand as formerly, and prices in consequence rule lower.

SULLIVAN AND HYER.—When the match between these two noted pugilists was made, Sullivan's house or headquarters was at No 9 Chatham street. Soon after the fight, he removed to the corner of Franklin and Centre streets.

CARLO, Boston, Mass.—1. Mrs. John Drew is ostensibly the leading lady of the Arch, but Miss Price of late has been doing the best part of the leading business. 2. The lady you mention was not a great favorite at the Walnut or the Arch.

SHYLOCK, Washington.—1. Chas. Kean was born in Waterford Ireland, Jan. 18, 1811; Mrs. Kean in London, Dec., 1805. 2. You will find two advertisements in our advertising columns of parties that furnish wardrobe.

CHAS. F. BONFANTI, 33 N. Y. Ind. Bat.—Your paper has been sent to you every week—as you previously requested—to Washington; we will now send it to Wilson's Wharf, James River, Va.

T. F. D., New Orleans.—1. Marietta Ravel is in Cincinnati. 2. Annetta Galletti is in South America. 3. Emma and Ada Webb are in the West. They will visit your city shortly.

WOODS.—We have no record of the height of John Woods, of Boston, but our impression is, that he is somewhere in the neighborhood of five feet ten or eleven inches.

NATHAN SMALL, Harrisburg.—Flora Temple, "Queen of the Trotting Turf," is still living. Her owner, Mr. McDonald, recently died in Baltimore.

WM. F. WARD, Point Lookout, Md.—Address a letter to Mr. George Deagle, Varieties, St. Louis; he can give you all the information you want.

D. F., Dixon, Ill.—Captain Barclay accomplished the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand hours; the fact is well authenticated.

NUMEROUS READERS.—We have none of the No. on hand, and cannot spare the space to republish the fight. You can look over our files if you wish.

A. W. W., Fort Independence.—1. Jack Randall was never champion of England. 2. Coburn has had no glove fight with Dunn. 3. Chris. Lilly was never champion of America.

J. D., Coldwater, Mich.—It is extremely difficult to form an opinion, things are so mixed, but our judgment at the present time is, that the little 'un has the best chance in the State named.

WM. B. TAYLOR, Memphis.—1. Your best plan would be to advertise. 2. Bob Lindley is engaged at a music hall somewhere in the South West.

C. B. HICKS, St. Paul.—1. Johnny Boyce has done the burlesque wench dancing, but not the regular wench business. 2. A party advertises in this paper to furnish clogs.

O. L., Boston.—1. Fred. Wilson arrived from San Francisco a short time since; he is now with the Morris' Brothers in Boston. 2. We make no charge for advertising letters.

W. T. H., New Orleans.—1. We cannot furnish you with CLIPPERS of July 2d and 9th. Those numbers are out of print. 2. Jack Randall was born Nov. 25, 1794.

H. C. S., Hastings, Min.—No authentic record of such jumping has been kept, and we cannot, therefore, give you the desired information.

WM. LOVELL, N. Y.—Charles Westhall accomplished the arduous task of walking 21 miles in two hours fifty-nine minutes at Newmarket, Eng., on Feb. 19th, 1858.

E. McG., Milford, Mass.—Mace and Coburn's colors are not for sale here, and pity 'tis, for quite a number could have been disposed of.

CLIPPER, Philadelphia.—We don't know who is the best teacher of boxing in your city.

CONSTANT READER, Albany, N. Y.—We have not the time to make the calculation.

LOUISVILLE.—We have no knowledge of his acting as trainer or second to Tom Sayers in any of his battles.

W. P., Philadelphia.—Howard, of England, made a leap of 28 feet, at one rise; we do not know what he has done across water.

C. H. R., Chicago.—They have been running a long time. We cannot supply all the numbers.

HARRY CLIFFORD, Cincinnati.—For three months, cash in advance, as it stands, $12.88.

W. S., Memphis.—Julia Richmond is at present engaged at the National, Cincinnati.

JAMES WOODLEY, South Otselic.—Your subscription expires with No. 6, Vol. 13.

CHAS. MCGUIRE, North Vassalboro.—The lady has performed at the New Boston Theatre, and a profitable engagement it was.

EDGAR HAMILTON, Troy, N. Y.—Your advertisement and money was received; and both were returned to you by next mail.

JINGLE, Philadelphia.—*Figaro* is the theatrical paper of France, and the *Era* of London.

ROMEO, Montreal.—The Emily Thorn that lately appeared in your city is not George Jordan's Emily dear.

J. B.—The story of the White Gypsy is not published in book form.

OCCASIONALLY, Nashville.—Your letter arrived too late for use last week, and the items are too old for this week.

M. J. H., Taunton, Mass.—The fastest time ever made in running a mile by a horse, is 1 min. 40 ¾ seconds.

SUBSCRIBER, Louisville.—We have no knowledge of his acting in such capacity.

JENNIE B., New Haven.—A letter addressed to 19 Liberty street, Utica, will reach him.

R. H. SMIT.—John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, New York State

W. N. R., Port Tobacco, Md.—Fernando Fleury is at the Varieties, Detroit.

C. H. W., Albany.—1. Flora Temple's best recorded time in trotting a mile is 2:19¾. 2. Expires with No. 29, Vol. 12.

W. H. B., Bethamy College, West Va.—We receive subscriptions for three, six, nine, or twelve months.

MONSIEUR DOOLITTLE, Lancaster, O.—It is a draw.

J. W., Pottsville.—There are none for sale here.

J. ST. CLAIR, Boston.—A few have arrived, but none for sale

G. W. H., Washington.—The lady is past 30 years of age.

MIKE BRADY.—We have a letter for you.

THE COBURN-MACE AFFAIR.—Elsewhere in this issue will be found full particulars of events connected with this important match, including the toss for choice of ground, which, it will be seen, was won by Coburn. This was an important point gained, and probably has been the means of ensuring Coburn a chance to win. We have understood that it was Joe's intention, in the event of his winning the toss for choice of ground, to select a spot in Templemore, county of Tipperary, where he has many staunch friends and supporters. It is feared in some quarters that the authorities would interfere to prevent the fight taking place in Ireland; but if properly managed, and *both* men were anxious for a meeting on "the old sod," we incline to the opinion that the fight took place as per agreement. We ought to learn the *result* within a week.

TROUBLE AMONG THE TURFITES AT THE PROVIDENCE FAIR.—During the horse fair which took place at Providence, R. I., last week, some trouble appears to have arisen relative to "Empress," who was expected to have participated in the closing race of the fair. The entries were Mr. Beckwith's Prince, and Lady Emma, of New York, the former winning in three straight heats. There was some disappointment that Empress was not entered, and the following resolution announced from the stand as unanimously adopted by the Board of Managers, points to Mr. Mace as the cause of the disappointment. Read it:

Resolved, That Dan Mace, for his interference in preventing "Empress" from trotting in Class 24, and for other conduct unbecoming a gentleman, be and is hereby debarred driving in any race on the park of this association.

IN A HUFF.—One of the Philadelphia dailies got in a terrible rage over the recent prize fights near that city, calling the lambs all manner of harsh names, and ending off with the stereotyped phrase—"Where were the police?" Now, the truth is, the boys conducted themselves remarkably well, and both events passed off in a very orderly manner. The paper in question having no representative present, and knowing nothing of the facts, manufactured the "libellous" article out of whole cloth. We shall persuade the pugs not to enter suit against the "vile slanderer," on condition of his making a suitable apology. The lambs were never more docile.

HOBOKEN RACES.—Although the opening meeting at the new race course was not pecuniarly successful, many things combining to operate to its disadvantage, yet the executive are deserving of great credit for giving their patrons a number of very interesting races. Next season, everything will be in better working order, and the new track will come into popular favor A summary of the proceedings is given elsewhere.

NOW AND THEN.—About the year 1687, say the city records, a Mr. Barclay was tried for keeping a billiard table. Now billiard-tables are as plenteous as mushrooms or greenbacks, and yield a rich revenue to the Government.

THE BIG FIGHT.

The Very Latest News.

Just before going to press, the *Sporting Life* of the 28th ult. reached us, from which we learn that there was very little doubt but that the fight would come off all fair and square, as extra caution was being very properly observed by both men. It says:—

"The day for this great match is now approaching very rapidly, and we are pleased to be able to announce that a more lively interest is taken in the result by the public, who, although they cannot all be present, have, as the case may be, their sympathies in favor of Mace or his Hibernian-American antagonist. In the far eastern portion of the metropolis, the dock regions, and where Hibernians as well as American seamen most do congregate, very short odds indeed are asked from the admirers of Mace; while at the West-End the *cognoscenti* to a man are in favor of the "Norfolk Boy.' It appears to be the general feeling that the mill will take place if a 'referee' can be agreed to, and as, from the latest accounts we have received from the heads of the opposite factions, both are anxious to fight, and only want 'a fair stage and no favor,' we can see no reason why that usual 'bugbear' should not be overcome. The arrangements for bringing off the fight are in a forward state of preparation, as Nat Langham (for Coburn) left for Dublin on Monday morning, to visit the American representative, and Harry Brunton, after taking the chair to a very crowded 'parlor' on Monday night—all anxious for the latest information—left for Ireland yesterday morning, intending to call upon Mace, at his training quarters, on the way. Across the Atlantic the excitement has increased, as the time draws near, but the backers of Mace are in a majority, and from the tone of the New York sporting press, it appears that the principal wagers are laid about the time Mace will win in—they, the backers of Jem, feeling certain he will win in *some time!* However, our transatlantic contemporaries state Coburn is improving his position in the betting, 2 to 1 being accepted eagerly. As we have before stated, the colors of both have gone off so rapidly, that they no doubt will be scarce articles before the day. There is a great mystery—and properly, too—respecting the whereabouts of the men, as at the present time both have shifted their quarters and located themselves in snug 'out-of-the-way' spots—not far from Dublin. There can be nothing fresh respecting the fight until Friday next, when Cusick, for Coburn, will have to name the place of fighting, and all other arrangements will be finally settled. Our official prize-ring reporter leaves London for Dublin this day (Wednesday), and on Saturday our readers may anticipate being put in possession of all the latest news in connection with the great fight on Tuesday next."

AQUATIC.

AN EXCITING AQUATIC EVENT took place on Thursday afternoon, the 6th inst, off Elysian Fields, in the way of a boat race for the Champion Belt of the Atalanta Boat Club of New York. The contestants were Mr. B. F. Benson, Jr., a promising young oarsman who bids fair to become one of Gotham's best amateurs, and Mr. A. S. Swan, the present Vice-President of the Club. The race was to be a mile and a quarter and return and repeat, making a five mile race, after the style of the Empire City regatta course in Harlem river. They rowed in seventeen feet working boats; Benson feathered his sculls in the Eloise, while Swan rowed a new boat called the Sixty-One, named after a popular Hose Company up town, of which he is a member. A very even start was effected, and they kept well together for nearly a mile, when Swan took the lead, which he kept to the end, coming in ahead of his competitor three quarters of a minute. Time, 48¼ minutes; Benson, 49 minutes. The judges were Mr. H. H. Dyer and Wm. C. Mainland, with Capt. Dave Banks for referee. We hope to see other clubs emulate the example set by the Atalantas. We noticed the Columbian, Waverly, Gulick and Atalanta club boats rowing on the grounds, adding greatly to the interest of the occasion.

A TWO PAIR SCULLS RACE is talked of to take place soon, between John Brannigan and Robert Ellis and the Webb Brothers; distance five miles, for $100 a side. A representative of the former was in waiting at the CLIPPER Office on the 4th inst., nearly all day, expecting to meet some one to represent the Webbs, but he waited in vain. On the following day he called, and left $50 as an earnest of Brannigan & Co.'s intentions, to remain in our hands till the 12th inst. A like deposit on the part of the Webbs will ensure a match.

A FOUR-OARED BOAT RACE is announced to take place in Newburgh bay on Tuesday, Oct. 18th, for $500 a side. The crews are Josh and Gill Ward, Tim Donohue and Chas. Servis on one side, and the Brown crew on the other. The Wards & Co. pull in a boat that has been built several years, and is by no means a fast 'un. The Brown crew will of course row in their own boat, the same as they defeated the Pittsburgh crew in.

BOAT RACE OFF WEEHAWKEN.—A couple of gentlemen amateurs—Chess and Merritt—having a friendly dispute regarding the question of superiority in rowing, made a match to row a race for the sum of $100. The event took place on the 9th inst., off Weehawken, 2½ miles out and return, a distance of five miles in all. Chess had an easy thing of it, beating his opponent a long distance, and coming in winner in 30 min.

An off-hand match followed, a couple of professionals staking $25 a side for a race similar to the above. Their names are Munn and Glase, the former proving the winner.

A SCULLING MATCH for £500 a side has, in all probability, been made by this time, between Robert Chambers, of England, and R. A. W. Green, the Australian, to take place in July of next year.

THE TRIGGER.

AT THE RIFLE TOURNAMENT FOR THE BEDFORD DISTRICT, C. E., on the 28th ult., the prizes were won as follows:—

The first contest was for a silver cup, value $40, presented by Mr. Foster, open to all comers and rifles belonging to the district, to which was added a second prize of $15, and a third of $10; three shots at 200 yards, and three at 300 yards. There were twenty-five entries. Mr. W. J. Johnson, with his American breech-loader, won the first prize by 21 points; N. Greaves and Sergeant Lattimer ties at 16 points. Fired off at 200 yards—three shots—Greaves scoring 3, Sergeant Lattimer 9.

The second contest was open to all comers and rifles, 200 yards, 5 rounds. First prize, a revolver pistol ($25), presented by Mr. Parmelee, was thus won by Private George Bell, at 19 points, using an Enfield rifle. The tie between Private Mitchell and Mr. Johnston, at 18 points, being shot off, the latter won at 11, Private Mitchell taking the third.

The third contest was open to all, 300 yards, 5 rounds. Private M. Mitchell and Mr. Johnston having tied on 14 points, Private Mitchell, in shooting off, won the first prize of $20, or a piece of plate of that value, presented by Mr. C. S. Hall, proprietor of the Foster House, Mr. Johnson the second.

The fourth contest was at 400 yards, open to all the employes of the S. S. and C. R. R., five rounds. The first prize, valued at $40, was won by Mr. W. J. Johnston, at 16 points. Second prize of $12, won by Mr. Wm. McLeod, at 14 points. Third prize, of $8, won by F. Morgan, at 10 points.

The fifth contest was also open to all, at 400 yards, 5 rounds, for the Waterloo prizes. Private S. Leet, of Waterloo, won the first prize, offered by the proprietor of the Waterloo Hotel, at 17 points, and Lieut Low, of Montreal, the second, at 16 points, with a Whitworth rifle.

PIGEON SHOOT IN LEAVENWORTH.—A pigeon match came off at Leavenworth, on the 1st inst., between Hand and Packard, for $50 a side; 12 birds each; distance, 21 yards. Hand killed his 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th birds, missing his 2d, 3d, 9th, and 11th. Packard killed his 1st, 4th, 7th, 10th and 12th. Hand winning by three birds. This branch of sports bids fair to be well patronized hereafter out there. This week a match will come off between George Knapp, of St Joseph, Mo., and Stewart, of Leavenworth, for $100 a side. This match will be one of interest, as Knapp is the Champion of Northern Missouri, and Stewart ranks as an A No. 1 shot.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—On Sept. 26th, firing for the county prizes took place at Halifax, N. S., at ranges of 300 and 500 yards, five shots each. The four contestants belonging to the Halifax Volunteer Battalion who made the highest scores, were Capt. Thompson, of the Militia, 19; Sergeant W. D. Harrington, of the Scottish Volunteers, 19; Sergeant Brennan, Halifax Rifles, 18; and Lieut. J. Maloney, of the Mayflower, 18.

THE TURF.

The Horseman's Friend.---A Retired Veterinarian will send, on receipt of thirty cents (to defray advertising expenses), a Receipt for the treatment and cure of the following diseases of the Horse:—

FISTULA, OR POLE EVIL;
HOOF-BOUND, OR TENDER FEET;
HOOF EVIL, OR THRUSH;
STIFF SHOULDERS, OR SWEENEY;
FOUNDER IN THE FIRST STAGES;
BIG OR MILK LEG;
CORNS, &c., &c.

RINGBONE AND SPAVIN.—For this Receipt I will be obliged to charge $1, the same for which I have sold for $250 to men of the trade. For the first named sum—viz., thirty cents—I will send Receipts for making the following:—Blue Ointment, Black Ointment, Green Ointment, Hoof Ointment, Iodine Ointment, Johnson's Liniment, White Ointment, Eye Lotion, Physic Ball, Drops for Making Old Horses Young. Address, with postage stamp, DOCTOR W.,
Station F, New York Post Office.
26-2t*

HUDSON COUNTY FIRST FALL MEETING
ON THE HOBOKEN RACE COURSE, N. J.

By reference to last week's CLIPPER, a report of the first day's racing of the fall meeting on the Hoboken (N. J.) Course—situated at Seacaucus, under the auspices of the Hudson County Agricultural Society—will be found. It will be seen also, that owing to the inclement weather, it was deemed expedient to postpone the second and third days' programmes to Thursday and Friday, the 6th and 7th inst. The weather on those days was all that the most ardent turf devotee could wish, but, owing to the failure of the Erie R. R. Co. to fulfil their part of the contract in the conveyance of passengers, the attendance was not so large as it otherwise might have been, as many who went as far as Hoboken were compelled to adopt one of two alternatives, either to mount Shank's mare, which most of them thought was too much of a good thing, or return to New York. The latter was most generally adopted. The sport, taken as a whole, was good on both days, the various events, as a general thing, having been well-contested.

ON THURSDAY, Oct. 6th, the first race was for a sweepstakes premium of $200 for all ages, one and a quarter mile dash, $25 entrance. Mr. F. Morris's bay filly, by imp. Eclipse, out of Esta, 3 years, was both the favorite and winner. Col. P. C. Bush's b. c. Ben Bruce, by Lexington, ran a good second, and Mr. Morris's gray colt, by imp Eclipse, out of Sally Ward, jr., was third. Only these three started out of an entry of seven. Time, 2:22.

SECOND RACE.—Post stake premium of $400, two mile heats, $50 entrance, p. p.; $100 entrance money to go to second horse; $50 to third horse. Mr. J. P. Ackerman's ch c Eagle, by Vandal, dam by imp. Sovereign, won the last two heats. Col. P. C. Bush's ch c Lexicon, by Lexington, dam by imp. Glencoe, was the winner of the first heat, and second in the other two. Mr. D. Reedy's b c Patti, by imp. Eclipse, out of Pasta by Revenge, 3 years, ran third in the first heat, and was distanced in the second. Mr. W. H. Strong's ch c Punch, by Mahomet, dam by Yorkshire, was distanced the first heat. Time, 3:53; 3:56¾; 4:03¾. The running in this heat between Eagle and Lexicon is probably without parallel. They went side by side so evenly for one full mile, that it was impossible to perceive more than one horse in the distance.

THIRD RACE.—Handicap premium of $200 for all ages, mile heats; 5 per cent. entrance, to go to second horse.

Col. P. C. Bush's b c Ben Bruce, 4 years, 90lbs	1 1
Mr. F. Morris' g g Throgsneck, —— 115lbs	2 3
Mr. D. Reedy's b c Zig Zag, 4 years, 90lbs	3 2
Mr. J. Pincus' b c Velos, 5 years, 85lbs	4 4
Mr. N. R. Fowler's g c American Eagle, 4 years, 90lbs	dis.

Throgsneck was the favorite against the field; his weight, however, proved too much for him, Ben Bruce winning in two straight heats.

Time, 1:54½; 1:55.

ON FRIDAY, Oct. 7th, a much larger attendance viewed the equine strife, and the concluding day of the meeting was the most interesting. The weather was delightful for the occasion, and the sport of the very first order. The course was well attended, and presented a gay and festive appearance. At 1½ o'clock the bell summoned the horses to the stand, and soon after, the tap of the drum announced the first race.

FIRST RACE.—Premium of $200, for all ages, three-quarter mile dash, $10 entrance fee, p. p. Entrance money to go to second horse. Closed as follows:

Mr F Morris' gr c, imp Eclipse, out of Sally Ward, Jr, 3 yrs	1
Mr D McCoun's b f Gentle Annie, by Ringgold, out of Ben Bruce's dam	2
Col P C Bush's b f Oriflame, by imp Eclipse, out of Juliette	3
Col P Bush's b f Lurline, by imp Knight of St George, dam by imp Trustee	4
W H Strong's ch c Garibaldi, by Vincent Nolan, dam by imp Sovereign, 4 yrs	5
Dr J W Weldon's b f Lady Dan, by Lexington, out of Fanny G, by imp Margrave	6
Mr D Reedy's b c Dr Underwood, by Lexington, dam by imp Albion	drawn

Time—1:20¼.

The betting was even on Morris against the field.

SECOND RACE.—Premium of $200, for all ages, mile heats, entrance $25, p. p.: $75 of entrance money to go to second horse. Closed as follows:

Col P C Bush's b c Ben Bruce, by Lexington, dam by Altorf, 4 yrs	1 1
Mr J Pincus' b c Velos, by Vandal, dam by imp Sovereign, 3 yrs	2 2
Dr J W Weldon's b f Charlotte F, by imp Cythia, out of Sally Polk, by imp Ambassador	dr
Mr W H Strong's ch c Punch, by Mahomet, dam by imp Yorkshire	dr
Mr J C Jennings' ch c Lexicon, by Lexington, dam by imp Glencoe	dr

Time—1:59; 2:00½.

Bruce was the favorite at $100 to $50 against the field. He won the first heat easily, when the odds were $100 to $5 that he won the race, with few takers. Both heats were won without an effort.

THIRD RACE.—Premium $1000, four mile heats; entrance $50, p p, closed as follows:—

Colonel P. C. Bush's ch c Fleetwing, by imp Balrownie, out of Rhoda, by imp Glencoe, 4 years	w o
Mr. J. C. Jennings' ch c Lexington, by Lexington, dam by imp Glencoe	pd ft
Mr. D. Reedy's b f Patti, by imp Eclipse, out of Pasta, by Revenue, 3 years	pd ft

Lexington and Patti were not in condition to go in the above race, much to the disappointment of the numerous visitors, the principal attraction of the day being the four mile race.

FOURTH RACE.—Premium of $200, mile heats, $50 for second horse, for horses that had not won a race during the meeting. The entries were as follows:—

Colonel P. C. Bush's c f Lurline	1	1
Mr. D. McCoun's b f Gentle Annie	2	2
Dr. Rogers	3	dis
Mr. J. Pincus' b c	4	dis

Time—1:54½; 1:55½.

This race and premium was extra to the regular programme in lieu of the four mile race. Lurline was the favorite, and won both heats leisurely. This finished the first racing meeting of the Hoboken Company Agricultural Society, after which two private races took place.

FIFTH RACE—PRIVATE MATCH.—One mile dash.—Secaucus and American Eagle were the two horses named. The former went off with the lead, and continued it to the end, winning by one length, in 2:18¼—which would be good trotting time.

SIXTH RACE—PRIVATE MATCH.—Mile heats.—Beeswing and Skylark were the competitors. The former was the favorite from his appearance, nobody seeming to know anything of the qualities of either. He, however, did not disappoint his admirers, winning the two heats easily. Time, 2:01¼; 2:05.

TROTTING NEAR BOSTON.—At the Franklin Trotting Park there was a good attendance on the 5th inst., to witness a trot for a purse of $150, between the grey stallion Ajax, of Newmarket, N. H., the chestnut mare Lady Mace, and the sorrel stallion Henry Columbus. On the first heat, after three false starts, the mare, having the inside, took the lead and kept it, winning the heat very handsomely in 2:37½. After scoring three times for the second heat they got the word, when Ajax took the pole and won easily in 2:36. The third and fourth heats were likewise easily won by Ajax, in 2:34¼ and 2:38½. The following is a summary of the race:

Franklin Trotting Park, Oct. 5—Purse $150. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Henry Smith names g s Ajax	2	1	1	1
J J Bowen names c m Lady Mace	1	2	2	2
I Copp names s s Henry Columbus	3	3	3	3

Time—2:37½; 2:36; 2:34¼; 2:38½.

A TROT FOR $400 came off on the Riverside Park Course, Boston, on the 4th inst., of which the annexed is a summary:

Match, $400. P. P., rain or shine. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

J. J. Bowin names blk m Blackstone Belle	1	1	1
I. Copp names s s Henry Columbus	2	2	2

Time—2:40½; 2:39¼; 2:40½.

BALL PLAY.

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Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

IRVINGTON, JR., VS. CHAMPION, (OF JERSEY CITY.)

The return game of Base Ball between these two clubs was played on Tuesday, Oct. 4th, on the grounds of the Eureka club, at Newark, which resulted, after a long contest of eight innings, in favor of the Irvington, J., by a score of 45 to 13. The following is the score:

BATTING.

CHAMPION.	H. L.	R.	IRVINGTON, JR.	H. L.	R.
Wagoner, c f	2	3	H. Campbell, l f	1	7
Collins, c	3	1	Stockman, 2d b	1	7
McGinley, 1st b	4	1	Leonard, c	3	5
Gibney, p	3	1	Bailey, p	2	4
C. Bliven, s s	3	1	Crawford, s s	4	4
Willis, 3d b	2	2	Aiken, r f	2	6
Johnson, l f	1	2	M. Campbell, 1st b	3	5
A. Bliven, r f	3	1	Hedden, 3d b	3	4
Snowden, 2d b	3	1	J. Campbell, c f	5	3
Total		13	Total		45

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Irvington, Jr	10	0	15	1	4	10	4	1	—45
Champion	1	2	3	0	0	5	2	0	—13

Scorers—Champion, Bennett; Irvington, Jr., M. Crane.
Umpire—Eaton, of Newark club.

IRVINGTON, JR., VS. PIONEER, OF NEWARK.

One of the finest contested games of base ball that has been played this season was played at Newark, on the 29th ult., between these two clubs, and resulted in favor of the Irvington, Jr., by a score of 5 to 1 in a game of one hour and a quarter's duration. The fact that such fine batters as the Pioneers were put out in eight innings for blank scores, was evidence of the good fielding of the Irvington, Jrs., and the fact that in but four innings were the Irvington, Jrs., allowed to score a run was conclusive of the good fielding of the Pioneer. On the side of the I. Jrs., Leonard played well as catcher, W. Campbell was all right at first, H. Campbell and Stockman attending to the field in A No. 1 order. On the part of the Pioneer, Walters pitched finely; Ford, when in trim for play, is well up to the mark of the first, In fact, all did well. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

PIONEER.	H. L.	R.	LEXINGTON, JR.	H. L.	R.
Walters, p	4	0	H. Campbell, l f	4	0
Dowd, c	4	0	Stockman, 2d b	3	1
Hoagland, c f	3	0	Leonard, c	2	1
Woodruff, l f	2	1	Baily, p	3	1
Miller, r f	3	0	Crawford, s s	3	0
Hayes, 3d b	3	0	M. Campbell, 1st b	4	0
Dunlap, s s	3	0	Hedden, 3d b	3	1
Ford, 1st b	3	0	Aiken, r f	3	0
Williams, 2d b	1	0	J. Campbell, c f	2	1
Total		1	Total		5

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Pioneer	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Irvington, Jr	1	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	—5

Scorers—Pioneer, Reeves; Irvington, Jr., Wm. Sattels.
Umpire—Johnson, of the Champion Base Ball Club.

EMPIRE VS. ACTIVE.

The best match these clubs have played together this season was that which took place at Hoboken, on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, on which occasion they played their third game together, the result being the creditable success of the Active nine by a score of 9 to 3 in a full game, occupying but one hour and forty-five minutes. The fielding up to the seventh innings was excellent on both sides, both pitchers being admirably supported in every position, and, in consequence, they played in their places with confidence and effect, Walker's swift balls troubling the Empires, and Martin's slow twisters the Actives. The latter did not score a run from the bat until the seventh innings, the one they obtained in the first innings being the result of an erroneous decision on the part of the Umpire, he giving the striker a base on a baulk made by the pitcher, whereas the rule referring to the matter (section 8), states that "players running their bases" are the only ones entitled to a base on a baulk, and as the striker does not cease to be a "striker," or become a "player running the bases," until after he has made the first base, it follows, of course, that the striker is not allowed a base on a baulk. Several admirable plays were made in this game. Ryder and Miller made a fine double play in the third innings, and Page and Rooney also in the same innings. Page marked his fielding with a splendid running catch, and Dr. Bell took a fly ball with one hand at centre field in good style, it being the best catch of the match. Both the catchers did their duty admirably, it being the best display of the kind of the season. Jewett put out twelve players in this game on foul balls, strikes and at home base, Kelley getting six victims in style; Page captured no less than fourteen, of which eight were put out at second base. He and Miller led the score at the bat, although Kelley and Martin batted the best. The best of feeling prevailed throughout, and it was decidedly one of the best played games of the season.

BATTING.

EMPIRE.	H. L.	R.	ACTIVE.	H. L.	R.
Miller, 1st b	3	2	Page, 2d b	3	2
Westervelt, 3d b	5	0	Rogers, r f	4	1
Dr Bell, c f	3	0	Rooney, 1st b	3	1
Wilson, l f	2	0	"George," 3d b	3	1
Ryder, 2d b	3	0	Snow, c f	3	1
Simms, r f	3	0	Kelley, c	2	1
Martin, p	2	1	Hibbard, l f	3	0
Jewett, c	3	0	Saunders, s s	3	1
Russell, s s	3	0	Walker, p	3	1
Total		3	Total		9

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Empire	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	—3
Active	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	0	—9

Passed balls—Jewett, 4; Kelly, 1
Struck out | George, 1; Page, 1.
Fly catches made—Jewett, 4; Russell, 3; Ryder, 2; Westervelt, 1; Dr. Bell, 1; total, 11. Rooney, 3; Page, 2; Hibbard, 1; total, 6.
Catches missed—George, 1; Jewett, 1.
Double play by Ryder and Miller, and Page and Rooney.
Put out on bases—Actives, 7; Empires, 12.
Put out on foul balls—Actives, 10; Empires, 6.
Run out—Jewett and Russell, by Page.
Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes.
Left on bases—Dr. Bell, 1; Russell, 1; Kelly, 1.
Umpire—Mr. Grum, of the Eckford Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Gaunt and Rogers.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT MATCH.

The return game between the "heavies" of New York and Brooklyn was played at Hoboken on the 4th of Oct., the result this time being the success of the Brooklyn party by a score of 33 to 11 in a game of six innings, occupying two hours and fifteen minutes. The Brooklynites being shorthanded were obliged to avail themselves of the services of Messrs. Gravigan and Dunn, of the Mutual, and Forsyth, of the Gotham, volunteering to help them out of the scrape. In this game, Reed, of the Mutuals, took the place of M. Chichester, of the Eagles, in the New York nine, and he greatly contributed to the fun on the occasion, as well as helping the score by his batting. The way he trotted round the bases was a caution to the two hundred and odd pound heavies, there being none who could beat him of his size and weight. On the Brooklyn side it was quite a race between Dunn, of the Mutuals, and Brown, of the Eckford, as to which should win the ball, each leading the score alternately. Dunn had the best of it up to the close of the 4th innings, he having a clean score and 4 runs, including a clean home run, Brown having four runs and one out. Brown afterwards secured another run, thus obtaining the lead. In the 7th innings—which was not completed, darkness throwing the game back on the 6th innings—each secured a run, but neither were counted. In fielding, Phenis led the score on the New York side by his fine fly catching and good base play, he putting out nine players, five of them being from excellent fly catches. On the Brooklyn side, Brown fielded well at short field, making a double play in the 5th innings from a catch and a throw to home base. The game was a very enjoyable affair to all parties, and a source of considerable amusement to the spectators. The following is the score in full:—

BATTING.

NEW YORK.	H. L.	R.	BROOKLYN.	H. L.	R.
Dr. Bell, p	3	1	Brown, s s	2	[illegible]
Jackson, c	3	0	Smith, 1st b	1	4
Clarke, 1st b	2	1	T. Chichester, c	2	4
Campbell, 3d b	1	3	Hamilton, 3d b	3	3
Phenis, 2d b	1	3	Thwaites, l f	2	4
Simonson, c f	2	2	Gavigan, 2d b	1	4
Reed, r f	2	1	Dakin, p	2	3
Fortner, s s	2	0	Dunn, r f	1	4
Kettleman, l f	2	0	Forsyth, c f	4	2
Total		11	Total		33

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	
New York	0	0	5	3	0	3	—11
Brooklyn	15	9	1	1	0	7	—33

Passed Balls—Jackson, 4; Clarke, 7; T. Chichester, 5.
Home runs—Simonson, 1; Dunn, 1.
Fly-catches made—Phenis, 5; Jackson, 1; Simonson, 1; Fortner, 1—total, 8. Brown, 1; T. Chichester, 1; Dakin, 1; Forsyth, 1—total, 4.
Catches missed—Gavigan, 2; Simonson, 1; Reed, 1; Dunn, 1.
Double play by Brown and Chichester.
Put out on bases—New York, 7 times; Brooklyn, 4 times.
Put out on foul balls—New York, twice; Brooklyn, 3 times.
Run out—Clarke, by Smith.
Time of game—Two hours and 15 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. Grum, of the Eckford Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Holt and Watson.
Left on bases—Smith, 1; Gavigan, 1; Dakin, 1; Dunn, 2; Bell, 1; Jackson, 1; Clarke, 1; Reed, 1; Fortner, 1; Kettleman, 1.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW ENGLAND.

A BALL MATCH for the champion silver ball and championship of New England took place on Boston Common on the 4th inst., between the Lowell and Trimountain clubs, which the former won by a score of 33 to 18. Notwithstanding the crowded state of our columns, from its importance we here give the score:—

BATTING.

LOWELL.	H. L.	R.	TRIMOUNTAIN.	H. L.	R.
Miller	2	5	Saltzman	2	4
Joslin	4	4	Putnam	1	3
Wilder	5	3	Lyons	2	2
Lovett	1	4	Arnold	5	1
Adams	4	2	Scott	3	2
Alline	4	3	Fletcher	3	1
Watson	3	4	Gammon	3	2
Sumner	2	4	Chandler	3	2
Crosby	2	4	Hovey	5	1
Total		33	Total		18

A CHAMPIONSHIP BASE BALL MATCH for a silver cup took place at Hamilton, C. W., on the 30th ult., between the crack players of Eastern and Western Canada. The West won by a score of 19 to 15.

KNICKERBOCKER VS. EXCELSIOR.—The third of a series of friendly matches played according to the fly rule between these clubs, took place Sept. 22d, the Knickerbockers winning by a score of 53 to 48. The best 2 in 3 is to determine the result. The Excelsiors won the first two games, and another is yet to be played, and perhaps two. The participants in these encounters are the oldest members of the two clubs, principally, the matches being arranged solely for social and enjoyable sport.

EMPIRE VS. EUREKA.—The return game played between these clubs at Newark, Sept. 27th, proved to be one of the best fielding games of the season, and an exceedingly close contest, the score being a tie at the close of the ninth innings. Ten innings were played before the game was closed, the Eurekas finally winning by a score of 11 to 9.

EXCELSIOR VS. MUTUAL.—The return match between these clubs took place in Brooklyn on the 26th of Sept., and resulted in another victory for the Mutual, by a score of 33 to 22.

UNION VS. EXCELSIOR.—These clubs played a match on the 1st inst., at the fly game, which the latter won by a score of 8 to 6.

IRVING VS. UNKNOWN, JR.—These ball clubs, the former of New York, the latter of Hoboken, played a match on the 6th inst., which the former won by a score of 27 to 8.

ATLANTIC VS. EUREKA.—The muffins of the former club defeated the muffins of the latter in a match played on the 7th inst., by a score of 33 to 25.

CRICKET.

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MANHATTAN VS. UNION, OF NEWARK.

THE return match between these clubs, which was played at Hoboken on October 5th, resulted in the success of the Manhattan eleven, whose score exceeded that of their opponents, with two wickets to go down. The weather was propitious, and an enjoyable time was had throughout, the contest being a creditable one to both parties, the victors obtaining their triumph only by "the skin of their teeth," as the saying is. Some good batting was done on both sides, Ford and Hunter taking the lead on the part of the Newarkers, and Sebring, Shaw, and Plumer on the part of Manhattan. The bowling of Gascoigne, H. Tucker, and Livesey was quite effective against the Newark wickets, and that of Armitage and Elphicke troubled the Manhattan eleven. The following is the score:—

NEWARK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Middleton b H. Tucker	2	c Plumer b H. Tucker	5
Foster b H. Tucker	3	not out	0
Elson c Boyd b Livesey	9	b H. Tucker	0
Ford c J. Tucker b Livesey	9	b H. Tucker	0
Armitage c Walker b Livesey	4	b Gascoigne	9
Hunter not out	14	c Shaw b H. Tucker	0
Orton c Plumer b Livesey	3	b Gascoigne	3
Bellamy c and b Gascoigne	1	b Gascoigne	3
Hibbard b Gascoigne	0	c Livesey b H. Tucker	3
Reynolds b H. Tucker	2	b Gascoigne	8
Elphicke b H. Tucker	0	b Gascoigne	0
Byes	3	Byes 5, wides 3	8
Total	50	Total	39

MANHATTAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Gascoigne b Ford	4	c Foster b Elphicke	8
Neenes c Middleton b Armitage	14	l b w b Elphicke	5
Shaw c Elphicke b Armitage	11	c Ford b Elphicke	0
J. Tucker b Armitage	0		
Sebring b Ford	15	c Elphicke b Ford	7
Boyd b Ford	0	c Armitage b Elphicke	5
Plumer b Armitage	4	not out	7
H. Tucker b Armitage	2	b Ford	1
Walker run out	0		
Livesey l b w b Armitage	0	not out	0
Simpson not out	0	b Ford	1
Byes	2	Byes 3, wides 2	5
Total	52	Total	39

Umpires—Messrs. Hallis and Palin.

DETROIT VS. CINCINNATI.—A cricket match was played at Detroit on Sept. 26th, between clubs of the above-named cities, named respectively Cincinnati and Peninsular. The latter appear to have had by far the stronger team. It was originally intended to play the match out; but the Cincinnatians were so far in the rear in the score of the first innings, that the match was robbed of all further interest, so they concluded not to renew hostilities on the following day, but play a match with the Windsor (C. W.) Club instead. Ashby was the only one who made a decent score for the Cincinnatians; while on the Peninsular side, Armstrong, Morphy and Hampshire excelled in wielding the willow. When play ceased, the score was in the following condition:—

CINCINNATI.		PENINSULAR.	
Byron b Hampshire	0	Barrett c Ellard b Howe	8
Ashby b Reeves	13	Wright b Howe	1
Baines b Reeves	0	Rogerson b Howe	4
Ellard b Hampshire	5	Hampshire b Ellard	15
Fennick b Reeves	0	Reeves b Ashley	0
Lewis b Reeves	3	Armstrong not out	55
Howe b Reeves	0	Bury b Ellard	6
Brutton b Reeves	0	Hinchman b Ellard	6
Packham run out	0	Phelps b Hawley	7
Hawley not out	0	Barnes b Howe	7
Bayard b Reeves	0	Morphy run out	21
Byes 4, leg byes 2	6	Byes 10, leg byes 3, wides 8	21
Total	27	Total	139

In the second innings of Cincinnati, Ashley scored (b Reeves) 1, Hawley (l b w b Rogerson) 0, Byron (not out) 2, Howe (not out) 0—total, 3.

Umpires—Messrs. Vernor, of Detroit, and Hawley, of Cincinnati.

THE SINGLE WICKET MATCH FOR $400.—The match at single wicket between Petty and Bullus of Newark for $200 a side, took place at Bedford on Monday, October 3d, and terminated on Tuesday in favor of Bullus, he leading his opponent's score by 82 runs. In the game of Monday, Bullus displayed his ability at the bat, scoring runs rapidly and easily off his opponent's bowling, the length of the balls he received being just what he wanted. When he had scored 34, he gave Petty a chance for a catch, but it was not taken; he was finally disposed of by a catch, however, after he had scored 44 off his bat, the extras being 8 wides and 2 no-balls, one of the no-balls not being counted, as a hit for 2 was made from it—his total score being 53. He was in an hour and 15 minutes, and handled his bat in good cricketing style throughout. At 3:30 Petty went in, and, after receiving a number of good balls, began to get well down to his work, and had scored six well, when, in running back to his wicket to complete a run for 2, an accidentally-thrown ball from Bullus at long field, reached the wicket before him, thus suddenly cutting short the innings—his score off the bat being seven, which, with one wide, made a total of 8. He could have easily got home before the ball, had he tried, but he took matters too leisurely altogether.

A WORTHY MAN.—There are worthy men in every walk of life, and the cricket world is not an exception. We moralise thus for the sake of introducing to our readers, particularly those of the cricket persuasion, Mr. Wm. Crossley, than whom no more worthy man lives. He is gentlemanly and unassuming, and what is more, he minds his own business, and that thoroughly; therefore it is that he is to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12th and 13th, when a cricket match will be played on the grounds of the New York Club at Bedford, L. I., of which "corporation" he is the professional. The match will be between the first eleven of the New York Club and thirteen of the Newark Club, and wickets will be pitched at 10, A. M., precisely. The players will be: for New York, Messrs. Higham, Hudson, Sharp, Marsh, Ratcliffe, Byron, Hammond, Sadler, Adams, Crossley, Suydam, Tyler, Oakley and Beech. For Newark—Messrs. Jefferson, Hallis, Kidd, Walters, Ford, Bullus, Petty, Warner, Williams, Greathead, Hattersley, G. Elverson, J. Elverson, Bellamy, McNair and Orton. We sincerely hope that the match will result in a benefit indeed for the beneficiaire, for he deserves and should have it. Cricketers, shell out your V's.

CRICKET AT PATERSON, N. J.—A cricket match was played there on the 29th ult., between the St. George Club of that place and the Metropolitan of New York, in which the latter gave the former what Paddy gave the drum, the scores of the first innings by which the match was decided standing 54 against 14. In Manhattan's second innings they scored 87 with six wickets to fall, to which Gascoigne, who was absent in the first innings, contributed 50 and not out.

CALTHROP THE CRICKETER is pastor of a church at Marblehead, Mass. That's quite right. Christianity and muscularity are not necessarily opposed to each other, that we know of.

A CANINE DISPUTE came off in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 1st inst., between Jas. Brown's dog Chance, and Hamilton's dog Punch, both of Cleveland; they fought at 24 lbs., which was a trifle heavy for Brown's dog, notwithstanding which he eventually won in 38 minutes, the other dog being unable to scratch. The latter had the best of the fight for the first 15 or 20 minutes, and then the other took the lead, and won as stated.

CANINE—CHALLENGE TO THE WEST.—I hereby challenge to match my dog Billy against any dog in the West, and bar no man's dog, at 31lbs., give or take half a pound. JOHN KILLOREN.
ALTON, Ill., Oct. 1st, 1864.

CANINE.—I have a 33 lbs. dog that I will fight, give or take a ½ lb.; also, a 22 lbs. slut that I will fight against dog or slut; a 21 lbs. dog, 17 lbs. dog and 17 lbs. slut, that I will fight, for from two hundred to five hundred dollars, in four weeks from making of the match. A match can be made at David Jones', 67 Market st., N. Y. City, at any time.

THE PRETTY GIRL AND EMPEROR.—The Emperor Alexander was present at a collection in Paris for one of the hospitals. The plate was held out to him by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his louis d'or he whispered, "Madamoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtsied and presented the plate again. "What," said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she, "I now want something for the poor."

A CASUS BACK A CASUS BELLI.—At a late County Court in Indiana there were twenty-two applications for divorce, seventeen of which were granted. One lady set forth in her petition that her lord always slept with his back towards her. She obtained a divorce.

BLASPHEMY AND STOVE PIPES.—A man was convicted of blasphemy in a town in Canada recently, and sentenced to three months imprisonment at hard labor and to pay a fine of five dollars. It was said he was putting up a stove pipe at the time the offense was committed, which fact the Court was eloquently importuned by his lawyer to take into consideration.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.—Let it never be said that when a man jumps for joy, "his delight knows no *bounds*."

THE RING.

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THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

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TWO PRIZE FIGHTS NEAR PHILADELPHIA.
NOONAN AND DORSEY FOR $1,000.
McMANUS AND BERRY FOR $400.

Two pugilistic events came off at Edge Hill, near Philadelphia, on Thursday, Oct. 6th, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The gentleman detailed to furnish us with a report of the proceedings had not returned to the city at the time of our going to press, neither had we received any account of the fight from him. In such an emergency, we are compelled to make use of the annexed account of the affair, which we take from the Philadelphia *Press*. We should certainly prefer to give our own report, having engaged a party expressly to attend to the matter; but as some private business has probably detained him in the City of Brotherly Love, and as he has not seen proper to forward us an account of the mills, by mail, we must needs do the best we can under the circumstances.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS, OCT. 7.

Articles were entered into, about two months ago, between Mike Dorsey and Mike Noonan, to fight for $500 a side, at catch weight—that is, neither was restricted to any fixed amount of pounds on the day of the fight. Dorsey has before fought in the ring, having defeated Hollywood, but has for some time been laid on the shelf from a protracted sickness. Certain portions of the prize ring have held him in high esteem as a punisher, as well as of extreme endurance. Dorsey is of Irish extraction, and about twenty-six years old. He is very strongly built, having square and broad shoulders, good loins and strong thighs, with well-developed calves. He would weigh about 124 pounds yesterday. Nunan entered the ring, for the first time, yesterday, but was matched last year to fight a youth from Buffalo, and the fight was stopped at Astoria, Long Island, by the descent of the Brooklyn police upon the parties round the ring, when clubs were trumps, and numbers were badly beaten by the myrmidons of the law. Nunan was severely clubbed in his bedroom, at Joe Cook's hotel, which is situated on the road from Greenpoint to the Long Island race course. Nunan and his mentor, Phil Clare, were arrested, and Nunan held to bail to keep the peace for twelve months. He is now about nineteen or twenty, and weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds yesterday. He is an inch or more taller than Dorsey and longer in the reach. He is a very different mould to Dorsey, being light in his lower limbs, but well made and symmetrically proportioned. His shoulders and arms are very good, his whole appearance having a lighter and more graceful aspect than his opponent. Nunan is a young man of unassuming manners and quiet disposition, and is generally respected by all who know him. His habits are temperate and regular.

Nunan's backers won the choice of fighting ground and fixed upon a spot near the Edge Hill station, on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. Both men left New York on Tuesday last for this city, and hundreds of New York sports hurried here on Wednesday. Conveyances to the scene of action ranged at a high figure, as much as sixty dollars being obtained for the conveyance of two or three to Edge Hill and back. The location was reached about six o'clock yesterday morning, the roads being crowded with vehicles of every description, and it was soon evident that the event would be witnessed by an immense number, as the railroad also contributed a large quota by a few minutes past eight A. M. Two or three moves were made by the carriages before the exact location of the ring was ascertained, and it was near ten o'clock before the ring was fully prepared. Dorsey threw his cap into the ring at two minutes to ten o'clock, immediately following within the ropes himself, and was loudly cheered. Nunan followed suit in about two minutes, and was received with like token of regard. Tom Ryan and John Regan were selected for umpires, with Wm. McLean for referee. Dorsey was seconded by Barney Aaron and Johnny Monaghan, while Kit Burns and Phil Clare esquired their protege. All preliminaries being settled, the men and seconds shook hands in the centre of the ring, and each returning to his corner, at a quarter past ten they were prepared for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both advanced to the centre or "scratch," Dorsey with a quiet but smiling mug, and Nunan with a springy lightness and a broad grin on his face. Both held their hands in good style, Dorsey's left being well advanced, and his right slightly across his breast. Nunan's right was held square across his breast, and his left slightly bent but well advanced, and playing backwards and forwards, showing biceptric muscles playing like strong cords under the skin. He was evidently in tip-top condition. Dorsey did not look so well; his face looked fat; there was a looseness about the muscular fibre of his shoulders and arms that told of neglect somewhere. They each felt the other cautiously, and much time was spent, with their arms down, looking at each other. Dorsey tried his left, but was short, and they both broke away. They again crept together, and Dorsey got in his left and right on the breast, which Nunan returned in like manner, and on closing Nunan was thrown. Ten minutes.

2. After some more sparring, Dorsey getting on the ribs, which was returned by Nunan on the same spot, they again countered each other on the breast; both missed their left, when Dorsey crept up and put in his left twice on the body. Now ensued some rattling fighting, and Dorsey was thrown. Thirty-three minutes.

3. They both tried their lefts, and missed; Nunan put in his right on the left ear and got away. They advanced; and both put their left in on the breast, when Dorsey got on Nunan's nose and drew blood; more sparring at a distance. Dorsey at length shot out his left spank on the nose. They now got at it right and left, and Dorsey's left eye was cut, and he went down on his knees. Thirty-eight minutes had now elapsed.

The rounds were of a similar character up to the sixtieth, Nunan never leading off, but waiting for his man, then throwing him, sometimes heavily. From the sixtieth round Dorsey was evidently getting weaker, and yet Nunan did not give much punishment, but rushed in for the throw, which he generally got, falling upon his man. On the seventy-sixth round Dorsey was heavily thrown, and on the call of time Barney Aaron threw up the sponge, and Nunan was declared the victor in two hours and twenty-seven minutes.

McMANUS AND BERRY.

The ring was speedily cleared, and the two feather weights were quickly in the ring. Billy Donnelly and Barney Aaron attended upon McManus, who was of the greyhound build. Butt Riley and McQuade attended upon Berry (the kid). Berry is a strong built little follow, has had some experience in the English prize ring, and is evidently a fighter. On coming up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. But little time was wasted, and they went at it right and left, when Mac was fought down.

2. The tactics were the same, both making right and left merrily, and Mac was fought down; the kid would not be denied.

3. Both at it, ding dong, when Mac gave Berry a very hot one on the left eye. The kid rushed to his man, fought right and left, and both down side by side.

4. Both again at it, right and left, and Mac was fought down.

5. Berry got in left and right, and Mac not idle. At length he struck Berry in the abdomen, when foul was claimed and ultimately allowed by the referee.

They got together after this, and two scrambling rounds were fought, when Berry was taken from the ring, on the referee again giving his decision. The fight lasted sixteen minutes. A rush was made for the vehicles, and everything passed off in a most quiet manner.

So much for the *Press* report. From some of the most experienced boxers who attended the first fight, we learn that disappointment was occasioned by the somewhat poor display made. Great expectations had been formed, and it was confidently thought that Noonan and Dorsey would make a slashing fight of it, but they seem to have been a little afraid of each other, and their extreme caution only served to prolong the set-to without ending any interest to the fistic display, and what was looked forward to as a treat in milling, proved rather tedious to the spectators. The parties all returned to the city that evening and next morning, and the battle-money was subsequently handed over to the winning party, according to the decision of the referee.

Concerning the fight between Berry and McManus, there has been a little trouble regarding the Referee's decision. The friends of McManus assert that after the alleged foul blow was struck, he, the referee, told them to fight on, that two or three rounds did actually take place afterwards, and soon after the little 'un was taken out of the ring. The other party claim that the foul was given in against McManus, thereby giving the fight to Berry, but that a wrangle occurred before they could get their man out of the ring; they claim on account of a foul blow. We heard the statements of both parties, and was also waited upon by McLean, the referee, who, to us, declared that Berry was the winner owing to McManus hitting a foul blow. Against this decision there could be no appeal, and we handed the stakes to the backers of the little 'un. The two principals, McManus and Berry, were present, and shook hands in the most friendly manner, as all good pugs should do when a match is once over.

We think the referee was somewhat hasty in deciding a foul on the first offence; as the blow was, no doubt, unintentionally given, he should have cautioned McManus against a repetition of the act, and ordered them to fight on. This is the custom at all pugilistic meetings. The little ones promised to make a capital fight of it, according to all accounts, both sides awarding the greatest credit to the men, especially Berry, who took a good deal of punishment, in a very short time, without seeming to mind it. McManus, when he called upon us on Friday, did not show a mark, whereas the little one was pretty badly bruised about the face.

While McManus's backers say that the decision was wrong, and that they ought to have the stakes on account of Berry being taken out of the ring, yet they acquiesced in the justice of our obeying the referee's verdict, and made no objections thereupon to our giving up the stakes.

THE PUGS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANO TERRITORY, August 16th, 1864.

FRIEND FRANK—In accordance with the custom of all good lovers of fun, I write you from this isolated place, far, far away from the Centre. We have our sports out here in the Rocky Mountains (and by the bye, ours mostly come off on Sunday, for we know no Sunday out here). Our city was enlivened on the last two Sundays by exhibitions of the manly art of self defence, where there were some professional men and plenty of amateurs. The ball was opened by Professor Con. Orem, as he styles himself (or Champion of Colorado), and Butcher George. They gave some good exchanges, and closed with a lively display. The next set-to was between Joe Riley and Joe Bean, who gave a good set-to, which amused the spectators very much, and so the exhibition proceeded to the end, when a match was gotten up between Tom Foster, of Colorado, and Joe Riley, *alias* the Irish Pet. Foster challenged Riley, who accepted, and his friends being confident, soon made up the requisite sum. The match is for fifteen hundred dollars, seven hundred and fifty dollars a side, in gold dust, and four hundred up now as a forfeit, the fight to take place on the 20th day of September, when there will be a merry time. May the best man win. CLIPPERS out here sell for one dollar each, in currency.

The men engaged in the above match have gone into training, and are going to make as much of their time as possible. The odds are in favor of Riley.

Con Orem is starting a sporting establishment here, where he intends to give lessons in the manly art. He has got a good chance to make something, if he does not overdo the thing. They have appointed Mr. Geo. Williams, butcher, of Virginia City, stakeholder. George used to be on it, but is not now. When the fight comes off, I will send you a report. OLD SPORT.

THE CHAMPION'S GOLD RING—AN INTERESTING SOUVENIR.—We publish below an interesting communication from a correspondent, and hope that light may be thrown on the subject on which he writes, by some of our readers who can give any information respecting the interesting relic in his possession. Our correspondent does not mention under what circumstances he became the owner of the ring, which there is no doubt was a testimonial presentation from some of his personal admirers and friends:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19th, '64.

FRANK QUEEN: I have in my possession a solid ring, inscribed with the following devices (in relief): First, in the centre of the ring, is a space with the words "Champion of England;" next, the English arms; then a shield; next, a boxer in the act of squaring off; then an eight-cornered star with a hand-in-hand in centre; next, a lion; then a ring with ropes and stakes, with two boxers in the act of sparring. That you may throw some light on the former ownership, and what champion of the English Ring it originally belonged to, is my object in writing. The ring can be seen at my residence, 716 South 4th st., Philadelphia.

M. L. GRONBERG.

DOONEY HARRIS, who is matched to fight Martin on the 28th of this month, will give a sparring exhibition at Stuyvesant Institute on the 18th inst., when a number of good boxers will aid in making the entertainment interesting. Dooney is training at the well-known Cayuga House of Mark Maguire, 8th Avenue, between 143d and 144th sts. Mark is well-informed on all sporting subjects, but especially so in training and pugilistic matters, so that Harris will be the gainer in making the "Cayuga" his training quarters.

COBURN'S COLORS.—A package containing thirteen of Coburn's colors was received here last week, and distributed among those for whom they were sent. Among them was one for David Trundy, who, if he has not already received it, will find it at Coburn's house, 113 Grand street, where Joe's colors can be seen at all times. One of the handkerchiefs came to the CLIPPER office in good order. The harp of old Erin, the American shield, and the red, white and blue, combine to make strong and beautiful colors.

JOHN GRINDELL, the well known pedestrian, who for several years has been doing Uncle Sam service in the army of the Union, sends us two dollars to aid in paying Elliot's fine. Elliott, it will be remembered, was convicted some time since in one of the Jersey Courts for prize fighting, and is still in confinement. If his friends are exerting themselves to make up his fine, every little helps, and Grindell's contribution may set the ball in motion towards making up the sum total. John writes us that he sent three other letters, each with money enclosed, neither of which came to hand. The last letter was delivered to us by one of Grindell's friends.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

A SCIENTIFIC FIGHT
BETWEEN
NED NAPPER AND JEM DOVE.

This fight was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on September 20th, despite very adverse circumstances, from the notoriety of the combatants, and the conflicting interests of the rival schools of the East. They fought at 8 st. 10 lbs., Napper staking £52 10s. to Dove's £50. Both have fought good men previous to the battle under consideration. Edward Napper (Billborough) was born in London, on July 31, 1845. He is 5 ft. 6½ in. in height, and weighed on the day of the present contest 8 st. 9 lb. What makes Napper's victory more respectable was the fact that he had been arrested and taken to Marylebone Police Court only the day before fighting, he having to appear to his recognizances immediately after weighing. In consequence of the above official interference, every secresy had been maintained respecting the training quarters of Napper, although when the time for staking arrived, his "five guineas" were always ready to the minute. At the scaling, however, it "oozed out" that he had been "preparing" with Young Lead, at Wolverhampton, where, by judicious training, etc., he was got into first rate fettle. Napper was backed, as previously, from Mr. Briant's, Whitechapel, whence he took his departure for the scene of action on Tuesday morning, early.

Jem Dove was born in London, on July 28, 1838; he stands 5 ft. 5 in. in height, and weighed on Monday, when he scaled, 8 st. 8½ lb. Dove has been assiduous in practising with the mittens, and has improved so rapidly, that Bos Tyler, who had taken him in hand, looked about for a customer, and made the present match, at 8 st. 10 lb. He trained at St. Margarets, Herts, in company with John Walker, of Bristol, and his appearance denoted a careful preparation. Dove took up his quarters at Bos Tyler's, Whitechapel, and started from thence on the morning of the fight.

The weighing, in accordance with articles, and a bonus to Napper of a sovereign, took place on Monday, at Bos Tyler's, in the presence of a vast number of the friends of the men. Both were well within weight, being 8 st. 8½ lb. each. Lead looked after the scaling of Napper; Bos Tyler and Walker, of Bristol, attending to Dove. Some *badinage* ensued, but no money was laid out nevertheless. The colors of both went off freely. Napper sported a white silk, with a scarlet leaf and border; Dove also a white ground, but with a variegated mauve border, and the centre spotted with treble rings. A few inquiries were made respecting the merits of Murray and Williams, who were engaged to fight after Napper and Dove, but as they were novices, nothing was transacted.

The arrangements for bringing off the mill had been carried out by the managers in a manner that proved their knowledge of business. A large steamer was chartered, and a very high tariff levied, the tickets being more than three-fourths of the would-be spectators could afford, and, therefore, they chartered small boats, or took their chance of dropping on the ring at one or other of the usual spots selected for fighting. The "tip" was, however, given to a few of the right sort, to enable them to have a good night's rest, but the crowd, who generally manage to get down "cheap" and "nasty," were kept in the dark until very late on Monday night, and, consequently, the houses of Tyler and Briant were crowded. There was, however, little or no betting, only a few wagers being laid at 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Napper. When Lower Hope was reached, a "solitary hobby" was present, and a further move was compulsory. The second pull-up was at Thames Haven, at half-past twelve. The landing was made without any mishap, and everything was all right as regarded the ropes and stakes, etc. Napper threw in his cap at five minutes past one, having for his seconds the boniface of the King's Head East, and Jack Baldock, followed, after a few minutes, by Dove, esquired by the celebrated champion second and the West-end Pet. The referee having been chosen, the betting at once began at 2 to 1 on Napper, with few takers. Dove won the toss for corners, and chose that with the sun and wind at his back. At length, everything being arranged, and the men having received the last hints from their seconds, as well as 3 to 1 having been fully laid on Napper, the usual march to the scratch and shaking hands took place at half-past one, and they forthwith commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The ground was flat, but very bumpy in places, which made the lads very cautious in their preliminary movements previous to getting together. The attitude of both showed that in their time they had been through sufficient practice to know the points of self-defence. Napper, from head to heels, was a hard as nails. What with his long, lean and muscular arms, fine chest and shoulders, with sturdy loins and long, thin legs, he looked altogether a most hardy customer, and, to wind up, he was also in magnificent condition; altogether, the 3's to one laid on him were justified. Dove, like his opponent, was in beautiful condition, but he lacked the appearance of wear-and-tear exhibited by Napper. He stands rather low as regards his hands, but remarkably upright on his legs. Napper is more sturdy in his position, but very quick in his feints and defence. For some little time great caution was displayed, until Dove, fancying he was close, feinted with the left, Napper getting away. After breaking ground, Napper crept close, and dashed his left at the head; Dove, however, got out of distance. Another attempt was followed by a similar result, when Napper changed his tactics, and jumping in, dashed his left heavily on the mark; Dove missed his counter, the left going over Napper's shoulder. More sparring until within distance, when two very neat left hand counters passed like lightning, Dove reaching the nose, Napper the chest, both separating from the force of the blows. Renewing the fighting, Napper again visited the mark with the left, being countered on the nose. Both were now very lively, and countered neatly with the left; this brought on a rally with both hands, Dove just missing landing a swinging right-hander. The cheering for Dove in his corner apparently roused Napper, for he immediately followed his man to the spot, catching a very "hot one" on the nose for his eagerness; but Ned would not be denied, and following Jim, fairly knocked him down by a left-hander on the chest. Time, 3 min. 15 secs.

2. Dove left his corner eagerly when time was called, showing a red mark on his chest from the effects of the left-hand visitations in the previous round. Napper, like his opponent, was flushed, but his punishment was on the forehead. The men had evidently fairly warmed to their work, for after a few preliminary feints, etc., sharp left-hand counters were exchanged, Dove planting on the face, and Napper on the chest and "mark." Teddy fancying that he had taken the measure of Jim, feinted at the "mark" with the left, and tried to double at the head, but Dove was much the smarter in his deliveries by countering "Master Napper" with the left heavily on the bridge of the nose, drawing the claret. (*First blood claimed and allowed for Dove.*) Napper, as usual with him, was not stopped in his rush, and, despite another left-hand shot on the left eye, "bored in," planting a couple of rib-roasters on the way, and closing, some awkward hugging took place at the ropes, until both fell, Napper uppermost.

3. Napper came up first, his nose dripping from the cut on the bridge, and his left eye flushed; Dove's harder face, with the exception of being a trifle pinky, not showing a mark. As soon as they were again within distance, Napper ducked, dashed his left heavily on the mark, and stopped Dove's return. Napper forced the pace, and the counters with the left at the respective points of the men—on the head and the mark—were of a very severe description. Napper began to get very bumpy about the face, and Dove very sore and bruised on the chest and neck. Dove, finding he was apparently getting on very well, "crept close," and dashed a left-hander onto "Ned's" nose, drawing the cork once more, for which he was knocked back by a stinging left-hander on the mark. Napper again visited the body and shifted out of danger. They sparred until within distance, when Napper tried to land the right, Dove away at once. On renewing the meeting, some very pretty fighting ensued, and rapid counters were exchanged, apparently in favor of Dove, from his hits cutting Ned's fleshy dial; but Napper was always busy, and already Dove's face was becoming bumped and puffy. Dove planted heavily on Napper's nose, drawing the claret profusely, and again on the forehead, staggering Napper, but Ned would bore in in-fighting, in which he had the best, when they were at the ropes, Dove getting down. Time, 12min.

4. The men had now thoroughly warmed to their task, and lost no time in getting to business. Dove missed a well intended left-hander at the head, when Napper, who had orders to "force the pace," like a "good lad" went to work with both hands, and fought Jem to the ropes, where, after a short struggle, Napper screwed Dove down, but turning over at the stakes, Dove was picked up first, amidst the shouts of his adherents.

5. Both were blowing freely, but did not waste any time in ceremony. They began rather wild, fighting with both hands, until they broke away. Dove followed Napper, and planted heavily with the left twice on Ned's forehead, without a return. Napper dashed in and fought Jem on to his knees; the latter recovered himself, and the round was renewed, but Napper, with great impetuosity, fought Dove down at the ropes.

6. As soon as the lads came together in the centre of the ring, Napper walked deliberately as close as possible to his man, and forced the fighting. The counters were equally divided, but the right and left exchanges were much in favor of Napper, who not only hit harder, but most frequently. Ted dashed in, just missing planting a stinging right-hander as he closed. Dove managed to gain the advantage in the grapple at the ropes, but Napper by sheer strength extricated himself, and was uppermost in the fall.

7. Napper again forced the fighting, and bored Dove to the ropes, where, after some ungainly hugging and an "emeute" amongst the two East-end "schools," both were down. Time, 19min.

8 and 9. Dove up to the present time had shown superiority of form to that displayed by him previously, and so raised the hopes of the takers of the odds, that one enthusiast offered to take 2 to 1, and was forthwith "shot," and immediately afterwards offered an extra point. Both men were blown, but did not relax the least in their efforts, when Napper, boring in after landing a left-hander on the cheek, was knocked down by a tremendous right-hander on the mouth. Napper appeared to take no notice of the hit, and was carried to his corner laughing, apparently much to the disgust of Jemmy Dove.

10 to 12 were contested with great resolution, and the fighting very fast indeed. It was now rumored that Dove had hurt his left hand in consequence of the repeated visitations upon Napper's "iron head;" but he still punished with it, drawing the cork from Ned's nose and mouth in the counters. Napper's body blows were telling their usual inevitable tale, as Dove was seen to give way more and more to Napper's rushes. The fighting in the last of these rounds was very spirited, and they countered on the head several times with telling effect. Napper rushed headlong in, receiving a terrific right-hander on the jaw, when Dove fell all in a heap, just in time to avoid a magnificently-intended upper-cut. Time, 26min.

13 to 15. These were decidedly the rounds that decided the contest. Napper was as strong on his legs as at the commencement, and every blow told, while Dove's, in consequence of the steel being out of him, and his left hand much puffed, were almost harmless. In the first of these rounds, Napper very nearly settled Dove by a right-hander on the jaw, but it was rather too high. In the next, after some sharp fighting in favor of Napper, Dove was thrown heavily on to his head, Napper adding the full force of his weight. In the last, Napper got well home on both Dove's eyes with his left, planted on the "mark" without any return, and finished the three rounds by fighting Dove down in his own corner. Time, 35min.

16. Napper was up first, very eager to commence hostilities, and, beyond having his eyes tinged, his forehead bumped, and his lips a trifle swollen, was as strong as at the commencement. Dove was fast falling weak, and, as well as having both eyes going up, could scarcely use his left hand. Napper continued his "little rushing game," and followed Dove to the corner, where, after Dove had landed a light tap on Napper's cheek with his left, he (Dove) fell very suspiciously.

17 and 18. Napper forced the fighting, and, after a couple of light counters and a heavy body-blow administered by Napper, Jemmy got down in his own corner to avoid.

19 to 28 and last. Beyond all doubt, the fight was all over with the exception of shouting, as nothing, bar accident, could deprive Napper of being hailed the winner. In the twentieth round, he (Ted) sent Dove "to grass" by a left-hander on the cheek; and in the next, after Jem had been short with both hands on Napper's rushing at him, he got down in a hurry. In each succeeding round, although Dove tried all he knew, Napper kept increasing his advantage. In the twenty-fourth round, when Napper had forced Dove to the ropes, and administered "the hug," as well as severe punishment with the right, a claim of "foul" was made, but not allowed. The twenty-fifth round was splendidly fought by both, each countering several times, but after breaking away—and Napper then rushed at Dove—the latter went down so suspiciously that on an appeal being made to the referee, that official cautioned Dove. Three more rounds were fought, each succeeding one more and more in favor of Napper, who in the last one so punished Dove that he fell almost helpless, and his head second, finding he had no chance, when time was called, humanely threw up the sponge, and Napper's third victory was hailed in exactly fifty minutes.

REMARKS.

Having entered so fully into the details of this mill, very few remarks are requisite. That the fight was on its merits, and won by the best man, there can be no doubt whatever, and Dove, by the manner in which he has fought Napper (with his left hand injured and shoulder damaged), must wipe off any "stigma" which attached to him from his sudden defeat by Jem Gollagher. It is believed, however, that his constitution is not up to the average of the "wear-and-tear" customers at his fighting-weight at the present date; although he has all the talent and tactics to become a good exponent of the "noble art." Napper surprised many by the rapidity with which he fought, and the cleverness he exhibited from time to time, in getting away from Dove's left-handed shots. He is a good lad in training, and one of the most civil fellows in creation, and, moreover, before he will succumb to defeat he must have somebody able to give him more punishment than he has yet been in the receipt of, and that has been sufficient to make most men stand back. Before he was dressed, and while his defeated antagonist was literally prostrated, Napper, to his great credit, be it said, went round, and, heading the subscription himself, collected something handsome for Dove.

MERRY MILL AT KING'S LYNN.—One of the most game and determined mills witnessed in Norfolk took place on Monday, Sept. 19th, about three miles from Lynn, between Young Mace (cousin of Jem Mace, the Champion) and Lewis Gray, a gipsy, for £5 a side. The fight was witnessed by about a couple of hundred lovers of the P. R., amongst whom the dark, swarthy skins of many betokened their connection with the gipsy tribe. Gray was in fine fettle, but Mace was not in such good condition as he ought to have been. Gray's "little game" was to force the fighting, but he was met with Mace's left in the most determined manner on almost every occasion. After fighting seventeen rounds, in 38 minutes, in the last of which Mace knocked his antagonist to earth with a cross-counter with his right, Gray's second threw up the sponge, and Mace was hailed the victor. Mace was seconded by Holmes and Butch, of Norwich, and Gray by his brother and another gipsy.

WILLIAMS AND MURRAY, FOR £20.—These men are comparatively novices, neither having fought in the ring previously, but have each won a "bye battle" or two. John Williams hails from Bristol, is twenty-four years of age, 5ft. 8in. in height, and about 10st in weight. John Murray is a native of Birkenhead, twenty-three years of age, 5ft. 10in. in height, and weighed 10st 2lb. Both men were well, and received the attention of the best seconds obtainable. The betting was much in favor of Williams, who wanted to back himself for £5 before shaking hands, &c. The fight is soon described, as Williams took a decided lead from the commencement, and won, literally, without a mark, in seventeen rounds, and 29min. The above little mill took place in the same ring as mentioned above.

Miscellaneous.

A NOVEL BOAT RACE took place on the Thames, on Sept. 22d, the terms of which were for Mr. Bush, the well-known city bookmaker, with George Drewitt, the celebrated sculler, of Chelsea, to row Tom King, the ex-Champion of the P.R., and Randolph Cook, of Oxford, winner of the Putney Coat and Badge at Putney, this year, in the best pair-oared boat they could get, the course to be from Putney Aqueduct to Hammersmith Bridge, with tide. The "prizes" were four great coats and four new hats, to be paid for by the losers. Tom King took his practice-breathings with Randolph Cook at Wandsworth, and reports soon spread that their trial time over the practice-mile, from Putney Bridge down to Wandsworth Pier, was the fastest ever made. Mr. Bush and Drewitt also exercised daily, and it was soon evident that from continual practice they could put the previously-despised double-sculling outrigger at a tremendous pace, and had a good chance of victory. The betting on and previous to the day was 5 to 4 on the oarsmen, but just previous to the start, Mr. Bush took a few level bets. The start was appointed to take place at half-past five P. M., but some little time elapsed before King and Cook were seen paddling up from Wandsworth. The stations were tossed for by Cook and Drewitt, and won by the former. The captain of the West London Rowing Club was umpire, and accompanied the race in a club eight. As the evening drew on there could not have been fewer than 500 persons on the tow-path, independently of a fleet of scullers and pair-oared boats, with the London rowing twelve-oared outrigger, steered by Mr. H. H. Playford, tearing her way through the pigmy fleet. At six o'clock the boats were seen paddling to their stations; and after one failure, they, at half-past six P. M., got away to a remarkably level start. Mr. Bush, in his eagerness, missed the water at his first stroke; and Tom King, making a desperate tug at the stroke oar, plunged her too deep, and, feathering in the water, caught a fine specimen of "a crab," but fortunately recovered himself. After the second stroke the scullers took the lead, and rowing at a tremendous pace, led by a length at the Star and Garter, and which lead, opposite Simmons's, was increased to a length and a half clear. The pace was evidently "too hot" to last, so at the Bishop's Creek the scullers—who were leading two clear lengths—"took a blow," and Tom King and Cook making a fine spurt, gained so rapidly that "Well rowed, Tom!" was vociferated by nearly all on the towing-path. The rest taken by the scullers had its effect, for on their settling once more down to their work, going up to the Willows, they again increased their lead to a couple of clear lengths. This order continued past the Point, and to the Dung wharf, where Cook (bow) called upon Tom for a spurt across to the Surrey side. Mr. Bush and Drewitt did not cross until half way between the Wharf and Rosebank Cottage, and then made direct for the Soap-works Point. On becoming level, the scullers led by a length and a half clear, evidently having had quite sufficient, while Tom and Cook were full of rowing. The Bridge was, however, too near, and Mr. Bush and George Drewitt went under the Hammersmith Bridge the winners by a clear length in the unprecedented time of 8min. 50sec. The river was smooth and the wind S.W., the labor being on the stroke-side. The race created tremendous excitement, and the most of those present ran up the tow-path as far as the Soap-works, while the shouts at the finish could be distinctly heard at Putney. The winners rowed in the Tom King, built for Mr. Bush, by Biffen, of Hammersmith, and the losers in a boat built by Salter, of Wandsworth.

AN ATTRACTIVE RACKET MATCH was played at the Oxford and Cambridge Court, London, Eng., on September 10th, between Johnson (an amateur) and the young player Small, and the well-known left-handed performer George Erwood, with E. Bailey, the holder of the Champion Cup at the Belvidere, as his partner. Great interest was attached to the match (the best of seven games), in consequence of the celebrity of the two old players, the known ability of the amateur, and the recent successes of his youthful partner. Johnson won the toss, and his first hand-in produced four aces. After some well-contested play, they became 7 all, and subsequently 10 all, and then the winning ace was finely made by Erwood. The second game, after an exchange or two without scoring, was much in favor of the junior partners, they being 10 to 1, and winning at 11 to 6. The third game finished still more in their favor, Erwood several times failing to play the ball, and at times serving his hand out. This game was lost, 11 to 2. In consequence of the setting sun shining brightly on the court at the time, the light was bad and the play uncertain. During the fourth game, the light became better, and the contest was well sustained—they were 5 all, but from that point the junior partners went ahead and won the game, 11 to 5. At the beginning of the fifth, Erwood's side led, and was 4 to 1; their opponents passed them, and became 6 to 4, then 6 all. Five aces were then scored consecutively by Erwood and Bailey, who won at 11 to 6, making two games to three. In the sixth, the junior partners soon showed ahead, getting 7 to 2; they were then 7 all, and ultimately, more by unsteady play of their opponents than any merit of their own, the senior partners pulled through at 11 to 9, making the games equal, three all. Both sides were on their metal for the deciding game. Johnson was the first to score, being 3 love and 5 love, then 5 to 3 and 5 to 4. The match became exciting, and the play on both sides excellent, Erwood and Johnson taking (as they had done throughout) the leading part of it. The senior players were the first to advance, getting 7 to 5 and 8 to 6. Amidst cheers and general excitement, the junior partners made three aces in succession, bringing their game up to 9 to 8. Bailey made an extraordinary recovery, which put his side in, and they scored out, winning the deciding game at 11 to 9, and the match four games to three. Score:

Greatwood and Bailey—First game—0 to 4, 2 to 4, 3 to 6, 7 to 7, 8 to 7, 8 to 9, 10 to 10, 11 to 10.
Fifth game—0 to 1, 3 to 1, 4 to 5, 4 to 5, 4 to 6, 6 to 6, 11 to 6.
Sixth game—0 to 0, 1 to 2, 2 to 7, 2 to 7, 7 to 9, 11 to 9.
Seventh game—0 to 0, 0 to 3, 0 to 5, 3 to 5, 4 to 5, 7 to 6, 8 to 9, 11 to 9.
Johnson and G. Small—Second game—0 to 0, 0 to 0, 5 to 1, 10 to 6, 11 to 6.
Third game—0 to 0, 1 to 0, 2 to 0, 8 to 0, 10 to 2, 11 to 2.
Fourth game—0 to 0, 1 to 1, 3 to 4, 3 to 5, 5 to 5, 9 to 5, 9 to 5, 10 to 5, 10 to 5, 11 to 5.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A PEDESTRIAN.—George Pickford, a well-known pedestrian in Manchester and Macclesfield, was engaged a few weeks ago as a stoker on the London and North Western Railway, and whilst attending to his duties in that capacity, he slipped off the engine at the London-road station, Manchester, and an engine coming quickly over the line on which he had fallen, passed over him, cutting off his right hand, and crushing his head in a fearful manner. He expired in a few minutes afterwards. Pickford was considered the champion one mile runner of Manchester and Macclesfield. He was a native of the latter town, and was much respected by the lovers of pedestrianism. He ran in a handicap foot race at the Bowling Green Grounds no longer since than Saturday, Sept. 17th. He was a single man, and only 21 years of age.

A TROT AGAINST TIME, in which Mr. Arthur undertook to trot his roan mare Peggy eight miles in harness within half an hour, for £25 a side, came off on Sept. 12, over two miles of level road, near Horley, on the old Brighton-road. The mare came to the starting point harnessed to a light cart, and commenced her task by going away at a good pace, her driver holding her hard in, and she performed the first two miles in 7min. 10sec. She got over the next two miles, on the back journey, in 7min. 20sec., and appeared quite fresh, half the distance having been performed in less than half the time allowed. She went away in easy style, and covered the two miles out within 7min. 14sec., and turned for the last two miles home. In the last mile she was allowed her head, and came away in admirable style, covering the distance in 3min. 21sec., and winning with 1min. 21sec. to spare. The eight miles were trotted in 28min. 39sec.

AN EPITAPH.

"Oh! the worm, the rich worm, has a noble domain,
For where monarchs are voiceless I revel and reign;
I delve at my ease and regale where I may;
None dispute the poor earthworm his will or his way;
The high and the bright for my feasting must fall;
Youth, beauty, and manhood, I prey on ye all!
The Prince and the Peasant, the Monarch and Slave,
All, all must bow down to the worm and the grave."

BILLIARDS.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.
VICTOR ESTEPHE THE CHAMPION.

The billiard tournament to decide the question who should be entitled to be regarded as the champion representative of the game in the State of Pennsylvania, commenced on Monday, October 3d, and was continued daily throught the week, and up to the present time of writing. The scene of action was Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, and no less than eight competitors entered the lists to contend for the coveted prize of the billiard championship of the Keystone State, and the magnificent golden cue which was its tangible emblem. The aspirants for the title were Messrs. Bird, Estephe, Montgomery, Nelmes, Ryall, Hewes, Plunkett, and Palmer, the latter an amateur, while all the others were professional players.

To Mr. Michael Phelan, the universally acknowledged "Father of American Billiards," is the honor due of originating and successfully and practically carrying out the idea of a grand national tournament of all the most accomplished professional billiard artists in the United States, for the purpose of deciding who should be regarded as the undisputed champion player of American billiards. This congress of artists met in New York during the month of June, 1863, when Dudley Kavanagh was proclaimed the victor, and became the holder of the golden cue emblematic of the championship, and which he has since maintained against all challengers. A few weeks ago a tournament of the leading billiard artists of Connecticut was held at Hartford, to decide who should be the champion representative of the game in that State. Pennsylvania has now followed the example, and we may fairly anticipate seeing other States taking the same course.

The conditions of the Pennsylvania Tournament differ materially from those which governed the National as well as the Connecticut tournaments, inasmuch as in the former the use of the "push shot" in playing was strictly prohibited, while in the others it was allowed. The games were played on one of Phelan and Collender's standard American carom tables, each game 500 points up. The prize for the victor was a magnificently got up billiard cue, the butt end of rosewood inlaid with mother of pearl, most elaborately mounted with massive gold, and chased in the most exquisite style of art; it was manufactured by the eminent billiard table manufacturers, Messrs. Phelan and Collender, of this city. Together with the cue, the victor became entitled to a new billiard cloth and a set of ivory balls, presented by the above firm. The second best player was the recipient of a handsome set of silver ware of the value of $100.

The playing commenced every day at 2 o'clock P. M., and was again resumed at 8 o'clock in the evening, two games being played at each meeting. The opening game on the first day was between Messrs. Estephe and Bird, both well known professionals in Philadelphia. After a finely contested game, Estephe won by 106 points. Montgomery, the superintendent of the St. James Hall Rooms, and Hewes, of Philadelphia, professionals, succeeded, when the former won by 112 points. In the evening, Ryall, the professional in charge of the Continental Hotel Billiard Hall, and Mr. Palmer, a very fine amateur player, contended together, and so close was the game, that on turning the fourth hundred Palmer was but one point ahead. Ryall, however, in a succession of large runs, completed his 500 points first, and won the game by 77 points. His average was over 9¼, and highest run 38. Messrs. Plunkett and Nelmes followed; the former is engaged at the Continental Hotel Billiard Hall, while the latter is the superintendent of Victor Estephe's rooms in Chestnut street. Some very fine play was exhibited in this game, which was eventually won by Nelmes by 102 points; his average was 12, and highest run 108.

On Tuesday, the second day, the first game played was between Messrs. Ryall and Nelmes, which the latter, who played magnificently throughout, won by 268 points. His average was 13½, and highest run 74. Messrs. Plunkett and Palmer followed, the former winning a very interesting game by 37 points. The winner's average was 8, and highest run 92. In the evening, the players were Estephe against Hewes, and Montgomery against Bird. Estephe won his game by 377 points, scoring 500 to Hewes' 123; his average was 13½, and highest run 74. The winner in this game played some magnificent *masse* shots, which were highly and deservedly applauded. Bird beat Montgomery by 208 points; his average was 9⅛, and highest run 38.

On Wednesday, the third day, the players in the afternoon were Messrs. Bird and Hewes and Estephe and Montgomery. Bird beat his opponent by 204 points; his average was 11⅛, and highest run 61. Estephe captured Montgomery by 183 points, averaging 13, and having 48 as his highest run. In the evening, Ryall beat Plunkett, after one of the most interesting and closely contested games of the tourney, by *one point only*. His average was 9⅛, and highest run 54. Nelmes defeated Palmer by 291 points; his average was 11, and highest run 58.

On Thursday, the fourth day, Hewes beat Ryall by 65 points; the average was 6⅛, and highest run of the winner 31. Montgomery, to the surprise of the knowing ones, defeated Nelmes by 30 points; his average was 8⅛, and highest run 54. In the evening, Estephe, as was anticipated, beat Palmer by 71 points only, after a splendid game, in which the amateur displayed extraordinary skill and execution on the board of green cloth. The winner's average was 9, and highest run 53. Bird beat Plunkett by 173 points; his average was 10, and highest run 41.

On Friday, the amateur, Mr. Palmer, beat Hewes by 179 points; his average was 10⅛, and highest run 57. Montgomery beat Plunkett by *eight points only*, the latter not playing with his usual strength towards the close of the game. The winner averaged 6⅛, and his highest run was 51. Ryall gave Estephe a very hard battle, both playing in the most brilliant style, and Estephe only won by 94 points; his average was 9, and highest run 90. The game which followed, between Messrs. Bird and Nelmes, was regarded as the most exciting of the tournament, the great skill of both players being well known. After a most interesting contest, Nelmes proved the victor by 74 points; his average was 7⅛, and highest run 45. The play of both was superb.

On Saturday, 8th inst., Messrs Bird and Ryall initiated the proceedings. The former won by 118 points, averaging 10 and running 40. Estephe and Nelmes then came together, and the match was viewed with great interest as in the event of the latter winning it would place him on a tie with Estephe, who hitherto had not lost a game. The beauties of billiards were finely illustrated in this game, both playing with remarkable fine execution and good judgment. Victory at length declared in favor of her namesake, Estephe, who won by 137 points; his average was 12, and highest run 121, which thus beat Nelmes' run of 108, up to this time the largest made in the tournament. In the evening, Plunkett beat Hewes by 27 points, averaging nearly 7, and having 33 for his highest run. Montgomery beat Palmer by 47 points; his average was 9⅛, and highest run 46.

Up to Monday, the following was the state of the tournament: Estephe had won 6 and lost 0; Bird had won 4 and lost 2; Nelmes had won 4 and lost 2; Montgomery had won 4 and lost 2; Ryall had won 2 and lost 4; Plunkett had won 3 and lost 8; Palmer had won 1 and lost 5; Hewes had won 1 and lost 5. Estephe consequently cannot lose, even if defeated in his last game by Plunkett, which does not look probable at present. He is, therefore, the winner of the Golden Cue, and the "Champion of Billiards in the State of Pennsylvania." It is said that he will be challenged by Ryall immediately after the tournament. For second prize there was a tie between Nelmes, Bird and Estephe on Saturday evening, but the result of Monday's games might do away with it. Our opinion is that Nelmes and Bird will have to fight their battle over again to decide who takes the service of silver ware, which reconciles the second best to the loss of the cue and the championship. Among the billiard celebrities present were Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, of New York, Hewins, of Hartford; Wilmarth, of Boston; Lorch, of Washington, &c.

BILLIARDS IN CONNECTICUT IN "AULD LANG SYNE."

IN 1796, the following act was passed: "And be it further enacted, That any person or persons whatever who shall at any time have or keep in his, her, or their custody or possession any billiard table, shall forfeit and pay the sum of $7, and the like sum for every time, as often as any such billiard table shall be found in his, her, or their possession." Thus stood the law in 1796, and for some time after, but it was not strong enough to deter the people from the crime of playing at billiards, and the following law was passed: "Whenever any informing officer, or the selectmen of any town, or the major part of them, shall give information to any two justices of the peace that he or they have cause to suspect that any billiard table, or E. O. table, is kept or concealed in any house, building, or place, such justices of the peace may issue their warrant, directed to any proper officer, or if necessary, to any indifferent person, requiring him, with such proper assistance as may be necessary, to enter such house, building, or place, and to search for such table, and on finding the same, to seize and carry it away, and to make return of his doing; and in case any such table shall be seized by virtue of such warrant, such authority shall give order to such officer or indifferent person to destroy the same, or shall cause the same to be destroyed." In 1837, there was brought to Hartford, by different parties, four billiard tables, and set up with great secrecy in different parts of the city; they had not long been there before so important an event was generally known; the authorities were informed of this violation of law, morals, and order, and at once prepared to seize them in "due form." Some parties got scent, and hastily removed their tables, but one "slow" table was seized, and like John Rogers, dragged to the stake to be burned, but through the influence of friends, the destruction was delayed and the table locked up in jail for a time. At length a compromise was effected; the sentence of death was commuted to banishment from the state forever. Accordingly, it was taken to New York. Soon after its arrival there, it changed hands, and its new owner brought it again to Hartford, but to occupy a new and more safe apartment. It was put in the third story of a building, to reach which all had to pass through three heavy doors, well bolted and barred, the middle one of which was massive, made to slide up with a fall, and to fall by its own gravity on a signal which was to be given whenever any officer might have the temerity to attempt to enter to again seize the table. Thus stood the law on billiards for a number of years, until the good sense of the community prevailed over prejudice and bigotry, and the law was finally repealed; and now billiards are properly taking their places among the refined amusements of the age, as the late Connecticut Tournament has fully proven. Mr. Matt Hewins has succeeded in finding two of the original balls which were used on the martyr table, which he has sent to Mr. Michael Phelan, of this city, as venerable relics for the cu(e)rious to gaze upon.

A BILLIARD SALOON, fitted up in gorgeous style, is about to be opened in Washington by the affable and eloquent Michael Geary. The saloon is to be in Ford's New Theatre on Tenth street, and will contain eight of Phelan & Collender's modern model tables. We hope that the issue of Michael's enterprise will be the receipt of an abundance of Chase's issue.

A SNEEZING HEAD.—The manager of the Berlin theatre got up a drama in which a human head was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible, he resolved to use a human head. On the stage was placed a table covered with a cloth; on the table was a basin, and an actor, concealed under the cloth, poked up his head through a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the basin. The effect was prodigious; the audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily a wag, who had been strolling about the stage, had sprinkled a spoonful of sneezing powder on the basin, and just as the tyrant had finished his address to the severed head of his enemy, the head replied by a hearty fit of sneezing, changing the audience "*from grave to gay*" with remarkable expedition.

COURAGEOUS HORSE.—A man at a fair was asked if his horse was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he frequently spends the whole night by himself in a stable."

NOT EXACTLY PLAIN ENOUGH.—A recently married gentleman was heard to declare that he was then as happy as the day was long. Rather unfortunately, however, he happened to be speaking on the 21st of December.

HE LIKES A GLASS OF GOOD BEER.—Thackeray, being told that an acquaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for India, replied, "He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!"

SHODDY AIRS.—A lady, more favored with fortune than education, at a *soiree* which she lately gave, desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new *malady* she got from London last week." The pretty girl obeyed, and it was very catching.

THE GREAT

ANGLO-CELTIC AMERICAN PUGILISTIC MATCH,

BETWEEN

Joe Coburn and Jem Mace.

LATEST NEWS,

FROM THE SPECIAL REPORTER OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

FIRST LETTER.

OUR REPORTER ON BOARD THE ETNA—OUTWARD BOUND—MULLER AND HIS CAPTORS—AMUSEMENTS, ETC.

STEAMSHIP ETNA, OFF QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND,
5 P. M., Thursday, Sept. 15th, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN:—After a wearisome and monotonous twelve days' voyage, with dull, gloomy, wet, muggy weather, head winds half the time, and an occasional equinoctial "blow," the vessel rolling and pitching about like a teetotum, with a continual lurching motion which keeps one's body nid, nid, nodding like a red republican troubled with the palsy or some other shaky disorder, making it almost an impossibility to write without keeping one hand fast to the ink bottle, and stopping between every other word to keep from rolling right off the camp-stool on to the floor—after all this, "I am here," as the play goes, sitting in Joe Whittle's "Cosy Shades," or the chief steward's cabin, doing my best to make this letter intelligible to the compositor. Before me stands a decanter half full of brandy, alongside a pile of sandwiches, the aforesaid spirits and provender being not for yours respectfully, but for Whittle and Clarke (the latter a London detective), who are playing chequers by "Express," and taking turns who shall hold the board to keep it from giving them the slip. Not that I couldn't indulge in an eye-opener, for the spirit and my companions are willing, but the flesh is weak, and my internal geerage is not in apple-pie order, and that's what's the matter.

We are now opposite Queenstown Harbor, or the "Cove of Cork" as it used to be called before the Queen visited the place, when the name was changed as aforesaid. Spike Island, a sort of Blackwell's Island, where convicts are boarded at the expense of H. B. M.'s government, is situated in the Harbor, and a fine view of the prison is obtained from the forecastle of the Etna. We have twenty-four hours' more sailing before we get to Liverpool, so that it will be Friday night by the time the steamer gets in, and Saturday morning before she is docked. Quite a number of steerage passengers got off at Queenstown.

To keep a diary where there was so little going on, would have been a piece of tomfoolery, but some little observations about the passengers may not be out of place at this particular time, as there were several "notorious characters" on board, such as Muller, the murderer; Death, the jeweler; Inspector Tanner; Jack Matthews, the cabman; detectives Clarke and Kerressy, of the London police force; a brother of Dr. Livingstone's, the explorer; two priests; three Church of England clergymen; a major in the British army, captain of volunteers, and several bounty jumpers—in all about 75 first cabin, and 130 in the steerage.

A personal description of so many and varied characters would puzzle even the *Phrenological Journal* folks, who are considered high in that speciality, let alone one unaccustomed to the task, but there are a few worthy of note to the public at large, whose physiognomies may never become familiar in any other way.

Franz Muller's history, in connection with the English railway murder, has been published over and over again, as also his likeness in two or three of the New York papers, and his phiz is consequently pretty well known: he is a young man apparently not over twenty-three years of age, with bushy, light curly hair, light complexion, small "pig eyes," regular features, except his upper lip, which is very thick and heavy; I can't say that he looks *very* murderous, but appearances are deceitful, and there is but little doubt that he "did the deed," and stands a good (or bad would be more *apropos*) chance of entertaining a "numerous and appreciative audience" in front of Newgate Jail one of these fine mornings, when Calcraft's successor's services will be called into play.

The Germans in London have clubbed together, so that Muller will be defended by one of his own countrymen—at least such is the tenor of letters in the alleged murderer's possession, received by him since he left London and during his stay in New York, although were the genial-hearted Dunphy's partner now in England, there is but little doubt in my mind that the ex-Q. C. would be able to save him from "that fatal gallows' tree."

Muller's state-room was within speaking distance of my sleeping compartment, and considering his partiality for gold watches, I took good care that he never saw the presentation one in my possession. There might not have been any danger, as the two London detectives slept in the same room with him, but had he got loose, clubs would turn out to be trumps, for I had a couple of six-pounders hanging within reach all the time. Strange as it may appear, the German ate heartier, slept sounder, and appeared to be happier than any other person on the ship; his fare was first cabin, and he had everything he wished except his liberty. Not wishing to wound his feelings, no mention has been made in his hearing of anything connected with the murder, and he himself has never manifested the least visible anxiety, except on the morning of his departure, when a hundred or more gained access to the vessel and "took stock" of the young gentleman; in his person he was remarkably neat and clean, and thus far has behaved like a trooper. When he arrives in London, however, he will begin to realize his awful situation, after a week or two's diet on bread and water under bars and bolts, with harsh jailors in place of his present kindly-disposed guardians.

Inspector Tanner, who bequeathed to Detective Tieman the handsome (?) present of $50 for his assistance in bringing Muller to justice, is a round-faced, round-headed, round-bellied, ordinary-looking person, with nothing peculiar in his cast of countenance to denote his smartness; his face, devoid of its slight outline whiskers and moustache, would be rather effeminate, but he possesses a certain amount of pompous dignity which tends to give him a commanding appearance. He wore a Scotch cap or bonnet all the time, as did nearly all the "swells." Mr. Tanner was allowed £500 for expenses by the British government, out of which he has had to pay the expenses, fare, and loss of time of Messrs. Death, Matthews, Clarke, and Kerressey. The Inspector told me that the Cabby cost more than the lot; that he was "a regular demon" for extravagance, and during his short stay in New York he had become acquainted with nearly every sporting character in town. Jack Matthews is a fair specimen of a London cab-driver, and as sharp as a steel-trap. When I asked him where would be the most likely place to find him in London, with an independent sort of a nod and a wink, his two thumbs inserted in the arm-hole of his vest or "westcoat," and his fingers working as if he had been brought up to playing on the "grand pianner," he replied, "You can see me any night at Owen's, you know, we'er all on 'em goes," referring to Owen Swift's parlor, the great resort of the book-makers and horse sharps. Just before leaving, Cabby was persuaded to sit for his photograph, a specimen of which he had with him; he is sitting down, covered with photographic jewelry, and a five dollar greenback sticking out of his pocket. When he arrives in London, great will be Cabby; and if he gets one half the reward offered for Muller's conviction, which is £300, he'll be able to start a "drum" on the strength of it, and give up cab-driving.

The Major was a good specimen of a "warrior bold," except that he wore his hair parted in the middle, like a woman, which to any sensible man looks disgustingly snobbish: as a general thing, he kept himself to himself. Captain C., of Lancaster, and his friend, Dr. O'B., were more congenial spirits, always together, trying their best to get up a little fun on board, but it was like trying to buy the ship's Madeira wine with greenbacks—a dead failure. The two priests were of stunted growth, evidently with Spanish blood in their veins, as they were almost as dark as the natives of the East Indies. On one occasion, when some of the "swells" were plaguing one of these worthy men, the priest threatened them with excommunication; this brought on an argument about religion, his persecutors denying that he had that power. As the little clerical man was alone and unprotected, having to contend against half a dozen or more by word of mouth, a tall, strapping son of Erin, not unlike Abe Lincoln, who had been an attentive listener, seeing things were looking squally for the priest, stepped boldly up to the scoffers, and placing himself alongside his spiritual adviser, said: "Show me the man who says the priest hasn't the power of excommunication!" which shut up the high-born gentry like a knife, and closed the debate, no one caring to take the consequences of replying to the stalwart Hibernian, or disputing the power of the Roman clergy.

Amusements there were none, except one or two days spent in playing shuffles, not in the same style as at Goodwin's, in Williamsburgh, but by means of a cue and round pieces of wood. Indeed, except in the evening, there was little time for fun, the cabin passengers having nearly all they could attend to in getting ready for and eating their meals, of which they had four every day, and such meals! Mr. Whittle's bill of fare comprised from seventy to a hundred different dishes, to say nothing of soups and desserts, and you couldn't call for anything they didn't have, from maccaroni to jellies and marmalades. The table gossip was as rich as the viands; with Captain McG. at the head of one table, and Doctor H. facing him, the epicureans discussed all kinds of subjects, and where there was such a mixture of northerners and southerners in feeling, the conversation sometimes got pretty warm, and if the ladies didn't do their share of talk, then the Captain isn't jealous of his age.

Nearly every day a lottery was gotten up by Inspector Tanner, concerning the number of miles made from 12 to 12 M. Each one put in a shilling, and the lucky man whose number (which was drawn out of a hat) happened to hit it, raked in from thirty to fifty British shillings for his one. Although I parted with one bob a day, the fates and luck were against me, and I came out second best. This lottery arrangement used to make the log rather an interesting record, independent of its indicating our progress from day to day.

SECOND EPISTLE.

IN LIVERPOOL—MEETING WITH JOHN C. HEENAN—MYERS' CIRCUS—MACE'S TRAINER—INTERVIEW WITH HEENAN—REMARKS ABOUT HIS FIGHT WITH KING—HIS PRESENT CONDITION—PRESENTIMENT THAT HE WILL NEVER SEE AMERICA AGAIN—HEENAN AND COBURN—INTERVIEW WITH MACE—HIS TRAINING AND APPEARANCE—MACE THE HEAVIER MAN, ETC.

STENT'S NEW YORK HOTEL,
Liverpool, Sept. 19th.

FRIEND QUEEN:—As I wrote off Queenstown, Ireland, on the 15th of September, giving a synopsis of my journey across the Atlantic, I shall skip the remainder of the trip, and proceed to state what information I have picked up since my arrival in Liverpool, on Saturday, the 17th. After getting my luggage through the customs and taking a farewell "smile" with my fellow passengers, I took a cab from Huskisson Dock for Jem Stent's New York Hotel, in Roe street, opposite St. John's Market, and very handy to the railway station in Lime street, at which place I fetched up about noon, and as several friends had anticipated your correspondent's arrival, there was quite a number of them in waiting at the hotel. What with inquiries about matters and things in New York, and talking about actors, show-folks and pugilists in the States, but little opportunity was afforded me of making much progress until the evening. Strange to say, John C. Heenan happened to drop in that very night, having just returned from the Doncaster St. Leger races, as usual a heavy loser, having backed General Peel very heavily, whereas, to win, he ought to have taken Blair Athol.

Heenan had been there some time before he recognised me. In a moment I observed that it caused him no inconsiderable pain whenever he attempted to get up or sit down, and being naturally anxious to ascertain the truth of the various reports which have from time to time been sent over concerning his physical condition and pecuniary circumstances, I determined to have a private interview with him. Having ascertained that he stopped at the Washington Hotel, in Lime street, and didn't intend to leave until the following Monday, sufficient time was given me to find out what I could in relation to his match with Tom King and his subsequent career. I may as well remark here that he looks so care-worn and altered that at first I scarcely recognized him.

Leaving John and a few friends to discuss their racing matters, my next step was to see Jim Myers at the American Opera House, (late Myer's Circus in Crosshall street), where Coburn performed so gallantly with the gloves when opposed to Bill Ryall, Jack Rooke, Jem Clarke, and Joe Goss, the last of whom made out much better than any of the others, by keeping his distance and not allowing Our Joe to rough it with him, as the others did to their peril. Here I received a confirmation from the great American clown and speculator, that "Wide Awake's" letters concerning these sets-to were correct in every particular—that Joe did there and then by main strength handle the burly Ryall and the long-armed Rooke in a manner sufficient to astonish the natives, or at least the uninitiated part of them. Granting that Coburn did thus and so, there are parties in this town, good judges, who assert that the men Coburn sparred with would have no show with Jem Mace, and in justice to all parties I give their opinion for what it is worth.

Learning that Jem Mace, his trainer, Alf. Milner, of Sheffield, and agent, Harry Montague, had arrived in town, and were putting up at Jem Kelly's "Reindeer Hotel" in Great Charlotte street, I hurried round there post haste, but as it was getting on for 11 o'clock, P. M., when I got there, Master Jem was snoring beneath the blankets and couldn't be seen. However, Mr. Kelly promised to tell Mace who had been to see him, and that the party would call again on Sunday evening. From Kelly's, I went to Jem Clarke's, (one of Harry Gribbin's old opponents), in Houghton street, and met Jem Corbett, brother to Geo. Corbett, the famous designer and engraver in jewelry, and a number of other sporting coves who hadn't forgotten my visit thereto in 1861 and '62. Clarke didn't care to express his opinion on the forthcoming fight, but said "he knowed what Coburn could do," and as he also sparred with the Man of Armagh, he ought to know something about it. An hour or so spent there "wound up the sports of the evening," as Father Tovee would say, and as the hotels, gin palaces and beer houses are not allowed to keep open after 12 P. M., to insure a good night's rest it was incumbent for me to make the best of my way back to the hotel.

"Pursuant to agreement," (*Vide* Articles of Agreement), I kept my appointment with Heenan, and waited on him at the Washington Hotel bright and early Sunday morning, and after breakfast we had a stroll around the town and engaged in a lengthy conversation concerning his late "struggle." In the course of his remarks John said that "as true as there was a God in heaven he was poisoned before his fight with King, and that it was done either the night before or the morning of the fight when he breakfasted." I couldn't learn where he stopped the two days previous to the fight, nor can any of his friends in Liverpool, and he has some very staunch ones here. Not wishing to "force the fighting," I allowed him to proceed without appearing too inquisitive, and ascertained this much; that although he left McDonald for two days previous to the fight, he counted on having his brother, Jim, with him all the time, and when, thoughtlessly, he handed him some £260 as a present to go and bet for him, he never dreamed but that his brother would have returned the same evening to "watch and wait," see his food bought and cooked, etc. This, it appears, Jim Heenan failed to do, not making his appearance until the next morning. During Jim's absence, John C. Heenan was dosed, but by whom and where, will remain a mystery for some time: he has his suspicions, and in due time it will all come out; he doesn't wish to accuse any party until he has positive proof, but he most emphatically stated to me that there wasn't money enough in England to induce him to sell a fight, and had he been a well man Tom King couldn't have licked one side of him. The majority of those who bet and lost money on him are of the same opinion, or at least the Liverpool party, although some of his Hibernian partizans will never rest satisfied that it wasn't a cross until the mystery is all cleared up.

Up to the morning of the fight, Heenan was in the height of physical perfection, and it was impossible to produce a sweat for some days previous, notwithstanding he was loaded with clothes when he took his walks, but while in the cars going to the ring, a violent perspiration set in, his hands and face assumed a deathly paleness, and he fell off in an uneasy slumber, in which state he was permitted to remain until the train stopped. What the poisonous compound consisted of was a puzzler to some of the best analytical chemists called in afterwards to examine the state of affairs. Heenan's subsequent fits, loss of flesh and general prostration previous to the railway accident, cannot be very well accounted for in any other way than that there was foul play used, to put a liberal construction on the question. Since his accident, which almost killed him, and confined him to his bed for six weeks, Heenan has never been the same man, and to-day he is little more than a wreck of his former greatness—no one knows of his sufferings and troubles; he discharges a pint or more blood from his lungs or kidneys every day, while his left leg is apparently withering away and almost useless. Such is John C. Heenan's case to-day, and much as he would like to go home, providing he could get enough money together to keep him for the remainder of his days, he has a presentiment that he will never live to see his native land again. I have gleaned this information from Heenan personally.

The report concerning Heenan's owning race horses is also denied by him, and this erroneous idea has gained credence from the fact that certain horses have been entered in his name, which is often done in similar cases in the States. He admits that he might have owned a dozen without asking for them, as it is customary for noblemen who own five or six hundred or a thousand horses, when one of them in his first race fails to show any points, to sell him for a mere trifle, or if they can't sell him, give him away to some particular friend. Taken in this light, Heenan has been offered a dozen or more, but he was compelled to refuse them, because he hadn't the means to keep them as they should be kept. From other sources I find that he is a prominent member of the Tattersall's betting ring, gets the best of tips, follows book-making for a livelihood, and his word is good for £2000 or £3000. Notwithstanding all this, he is one of the unluckiest men breathing. Everything he touches seems to have a fatality about it. A short time ago he stood in to win £2000 on a race, but was most shamefully swindled out of his share by a horse shark whom he had taken in as a partner. He wouldn't give me his name, but as the blackleg's case will shortly be brought up before the Jockey Club, the whole transaction will no doubt leak out, and it is expected that he will be served as Jim Eoff was at the Paterson races.

Heenan denies most emphatically the report that he is anxious to see Coburn lose. On the contrary, he and Jim Myers have been taking the odds and backing Joe, as much because he comes from New York and represents America as to put the quietus on those who, because John and Myers are "Yanks," as they call them, are continually casting slurs against everything American. Heenan will not be present at the fight, so in case there is any foul play going on, nobody can haul his name into it. Should Coburn be so unfortunate as to lose, after he leaves England, Heenan will come in for a "jacketing," and have no peace at the hands, or, I should say, the tongues of those who have nothing good to say of anybody who has the courage to go over and tackle their best men—in the prize ring. All these arguments seem reasonable enough, and I trust will be the means of lightening the burthen he has to carry, for John loves his country as he does his life. I have devoted considerable, perhaps too much space, to give an idea as to how Heenan stands in the face of the numerous charges brought against his name and reputation, but will now refer to Mace and Coburn.

Joe I have not seen yet, but Cusick writes me that he is down to 10 st. 10 lbs., and looks well, while Coburn's letters give me to understand that he feels first rate. It will be a week or so before I go to Ireland having to be in London to-morrow evening, the 20th, to be present at the staking of the last deposit at Harry Brunton's, when the friends of the respective champions have to agree, or try to agree on the place of fighting, in which, if they can't come to terms, one of the representatives of each man has to meet in Dublin, on the 22d, to toss for choice of ground. In Cusick's letter he says nothing about being at the last deposit, the money being sent by mail, so that from present appearances it is not very likely the battle ground will be chosen until the 22d. I have written and telegraphed both to Cusick and Coburn, apprising them of my intention to see the last instalment put up, and that may possibly induce Cusick to come on, if he has time to get there. One thing is settled, that Coburn will fight nowhere but in Ireland, come what may. He will abide by the articles of agreement to the letter. His colors are selling like wildfire, and as both standards have frequently been described in the London sporting journals, and a package has been sent to Coburn's saloon, in Grand street, containing a dozen or more of them, there is no necessity of going over the same ground.

On Sunday evening, in company with Jem Myers, I looked in at the "Reindeer," to see if Mace was in, and found him out, but his trainer, Alf Milner, the celebrated Sheffield pedestrian, was there, and being old acquaintances, there was no necessity of an introduction. Alf, who has been true as steel to Mace, and had the training of him since he became Champion, stated that he was as fine as a star, and as eager for the day of battle as he was to get a new wife with plenty of coin. In all, they had stayed at Newmarket only three weeks, doing from thirty to forty miles every day. Mace's course of training consists in walking, running, fighting the bladder, and constant practice with the dumb bells. He doesn't believe in exercising with heavy sacks, such as Morrissey used before he fought Heenan, and Crow when he was matched against Tom Walsh. Milner says that Mace can train anywhere, "he's such a good 'un to work," and thinks no more of the rubbing process with the roughest kind of crash towels, laid on as only the Sheffield Blade can lay on, than being fanned in summer time—in fact, likes it so well that he oftentimes has been known to go to sleep while undergoing the operation. While he had the circus, and was training to fight Tom King, Mace used to do his work in going from place to place, and was as full of cutting capers as Harry Bolono's pet monkey. He was never quiet unless asleep. If he wasn't sparring in the circus, or doing a trot on the road, he would be turning somersaults, dancing jigs, playing on the violin, bones, or tamborine, or riding two horses in spangled tights—all of which he can do in a very clever manner. Milner was not my only informant, for Myers has often mentioned the same thing in my hearing, and what he doesn't know about everything and everybody in the show business or sporting world isn't of much account.

As Mace wasn't expected back for an hour or so, having gone out for his usual six or eight miles walk after tea, in company with Harry Montague, his private secretary (big thing, that, for a pugilist to have a private secretary, isn't it?) Alf proposed a ride as far as his brother's house, who is a preacher of the Gospel—rather a different line of business from training prize fighters and keeping one of the roughest cribs in Sheffield—but the parson was attending to the spiritual wants of his flock, and we didn't see the worthy man after all.

Returning to Kelly's, we found that Mace and his secretary had returned. Like a good many others, the British boxer was surprised to see me, and after a hearty exchange of grips, he said:—

"Why, Ned, I thought I should never have met you again till I got to New York. How are you, my boy?" I could see that he had forgotten the old grudge, as he added, "I've got shut of the old gal, and that big ring, which I lost while asleep in a railway carriage, or I would make you a present of it, but you can have the old woman," referring to his divorced wife in a jocular manner.

"Much obliged," says I, "but don't fancy any female who was one too many for the ex-Champion of England—not any, Jem."

While chatting about this and other matters, I was enabled to take stock of him, as he stood in the centre of the room, dressed in a dark green plaid suit, with a Derby hat on (similar in every particular to that of his trainer), and must say that I never saw a man looking in such fine form, not even Morrissey, when he peeled for Heenan, at Long Point. His face was as brown as a berry, not a particle of spare meat to be seen, his eye fairly sparkled, his hands were like iron, his muscles seemed as if they would almost burst from their covering, and he appeared much broader across the chest and bigger every way—this, too, in a man of thirty-three years of age, who has trained *twenty times* (according to his own and Milner's statement) for fights and foot races, at which latter he is also a star performer, and considered by some to be the best 1¾ mile runner in England—is most extraordinary. His action was all activity, too, and wishing to show off a bit, or else finding it impossible to keep still, he commenced jumping over the tables as active and graceful as a cat. He asked me if I had seen Joe, and how he was, and seemed glad to hear that he felt good also, remarking—

"If we both feel good, it ought to be a good fight. We're about the same height," he added, "but I don't think Coburn is much younger than I am, by the looks of his crown" (referring to Joe's baldness). "At any rate, I think I shall weigh a bit heavier, and that ought to make up for it," repeated Mace, who was very communicative.

In this last remark he was quite right, as far as present appearances go, for although he weighs a good 160 lbs., which is 10 lbs. heavier than Coburn, he is nothing but bone and muscle.

"All I want," says he, "is a fight, and if it will be any accommodation to Coburn, and he'll do the same thing, I'll drink a bottle of sherry before we get to work," which remark created a roar from the Mace faction. From the man's manner, he seemed to take things as cool as "Muller, the murderer," as he is ignominiously called, on his trip to Liverpool in the Etna.

Harry Montague told me that after Mace had been to Manchester, where Geo. Martin, the proprietor of the race track there, had promised to get him some money from a few of the Nobs, he and his suite would proceed to Holyhead on the quiet, then after staying for a few days, cross the channel for Kingston, and so on, to Dublin.

It is only known to a few that Mace recently fell out of his trap, and hurt his knee cap badly, but he is now all right again. Montague, Jack Lead, and the ex-Champion were out riding, when the horse stumbled, both shafts were broken, and the pugilistic Paganini was tumbled head over heels, the others managing to hold fast to the vehicle.

I have thus extensively referred to Mace and all to be found out at present about him, because it is probable I may not see him again before the fight, whereas Coburn I shall, and then the readers of the CLIPPER may rely on a fair, impartial statement as to how the American Champion is getting on, and all particulars. On my arrival in London I will see "how the land lies," try and get an inkling as to how the Richardson gang hang on this question, if it's possible to be got at. After the last deposit, to-morrow evening, will write again. Respectfully, E. J.

THIRD LETTER.

OUR SPECIAL IN LONDON—THE LAST DEPOSIT—VISITING THE SPORTING HOUSES—MEETING WITH JEM WARD—CALLING ON THE SPORTING EDITORS—THE MENKEN—THE ACTRESS LIVING IN SPLENDOR—MENKEN THE LONDON RAGE—CHOSING GROUND FOR THE GREAT FIGHT—OUR SPECIAL WINS THE TOSS FOR COBURN—A POINT IN FAVOR OF JOE—ALL SERENE, ETC.

NEW YORK HOTEL, Leicester Square,
London, Sept. 23d, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN:—I arrived in the modern Babylon from the city of the ancient bird known as the Liver, of which and the "pool," the Liverpudlians are so proud, in time to show up at the last deposit of the great Irish-American Anglo-Saxon match between Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, at Harry Brunton's, Beech street, Barbican, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 20. Previous to going, I called on Nat Langham, Joe's representative, but finding that the Mitre was all topsy turvy, undergoing alterations, I thought it best to go post-haste to the the drum kept by Mace's "favorite Irish second" and see what sort of a splurge would be made on this, such an important occasion, and to learn the state of the betting.

On inquiring of the "Missus" about Harry's whereabouts, she directed me to the concert hall up stairs, where H. B. sat at the head of the table in a high backed chair in his shirt sleeves, with a little black velvet cap and tassle, lending an ear to the shouts of those already assembled, for "Arry is rather 'ard of 'earing," as a little thick-necked sporting blade observed when I asked him how he was and he took no notice of it because he didn't hear the salutation. Strange as it may seem, the conversation was about everything else but fighting until Mr. Sharp, of the *Illustrated Sporting News*, and Nat Langham appeared on the scene at rather a late hour. In his peculiar toned voice, Nat, tipping his white chapeau as he entered, prefaced the preliminaries with, "Good evening, gentlemen all!" He was accompanied by a scion of the nobility, but not one of the Wyndham sort, who is standing in money with Coburn. As in the case of his illustrious predecessors, Nat and the Swell stood drinks all round before proceeding to business.

When two pints of sherry had been put away, Brunton arose and in the briefest manner possible announced that Mace's coin was "en regle," followed by Langham on behalf of Coburn, in a neat little speech, in which he said, "Coburn must be a good 'un, or he'd never have come over, and I think he'll prove a good 'un in the ring. At any rate," added Nat emphatically, "I hope he'll win!" His speech was loudly encored. Brunton then said he had a commission to lay £700 to £400 that Mace won, which Langham couldn't see—he was authorized to take £300 to £100, and he wouldn't go behind that figure: consequently not a bet was made there at all. One ginger-haired cove said he'd lay "fifteen bob against five quid" that Mace would lick Coburn in an hour, but this wasn't visible either. It should be remembered that there is very seldom or ever any money put up at these deposits, it being at the final stakeholders beforehand, but for "the good of the 'ouse," they go through the posting ceremony. As might naturally be expected, neither Coburn or Mace showed, and for a wonder they were not advertised to. Neither were any arrangements made about the choice of ground, and unless something definite was done in Dublin yesterday, the respective representatives have to meet at *Bell's Life* this afternoon to fix that important point. There being no business to do in reality, the company enjoyed themselves to a late hour in singing, recitations and toasts, wherein the NEW YORK CLIPPER was not forgotten.

As the time draws near for the settlement of this great struggle, speculation as to their being able to get it off in Ireland is the one topic of conversation, and I must confess the majority are a "leetle" afraid, because of the mounted police, who seem to spring up like mushrooms there in almost every nook and corner, and what is worse, they have full power to follow transgressors of the law through any county. In England this is not so—if the pugs and their friends can only get over the border line when disturbed by these meddlesome "bobbies," they can "laugh them to scorn" until the invaded territory's own police force appear on the scene, when they have to "move on" again. Everybody hopes that these unpleasantries may be avoided, but it is a settled fact that Joe Coburn will fight nowhere else except in Ireland, according to the Articles of Agreement in Mace's own proposition. Querilous persons feel hurt at this very proper move on the part of Coburn, as they know the reason after what Heenan has gone through. Coburn knows what he's about, and with two such generals as the well-proved staunch little Jim Cusick, and the equally long-headed Johnny Mackey, his interests will be well looked after. There might not have been all this hubbub only for certain of the Irish papers who are urging the authorities to capture the American trio without any further ado, and they have already had to "keep moving," to avoid recognition or make an unnecessary stir in the country. Some of his warm-hearted countrymen have more manliness; the *Limerick Reporter* for instance, from which I clip the following complimentary paragraph:

"Mr. Joseph Coburn, the Irish-American Champion, accompanied by his trainers, James Cusick and John Mackey, visited Charleville on Monday last, being a distance of 17 miles from Ballingoola, where he is at training, and was greeted most rapturously by the people at Charleville, who, one and all, wished him success in the coming struggle. Considering the strict training he has gone through, Joe looks admirably well, and the immense muscles of the man are now to be seen—being now reduced to his fighting weight. His friends are confident of success, though they admit it will be long and not over within an hour, as both he and Mace are two of the best science men to be found. It is said that Tom King was struck with the science displayed by Coburn when sparring, which had the effect on him of causing him to violate the promise he had made to Mace of supplying 200*l.* of the battle money, a fact which has run up Coburn higher in esteem, and caused the betting to be nearly even. The place where the fight is to come off will be tossed for on the 23d of September, but will be kept strictly private, so as to evade the surveillance of the authorities."

In the last letter received from Coburn, he states that he is stopping at a relative's about ten miles from Limerick, and although he is a man of few words, what he says is very cheering, and he acknowledges being as "fine as a fiddle." As I leave for Ireland on Monday, the chance will be afforded of seeing for myself

There is no great excitement as yet about London owing to neither man being in town—they don't half like Coburn keeping himself in Ireland all the time, as it gives them no chance to get up sensation gags to draw custom to the "tap-rooms" and "bar-parlors." Joe's American and Irish friends will see that he hasn't come over here to make a show of himself at "tuppence a head," the price of a pint of cooper, and will justify him in his conduct. In going around from place to place, I hear very little talk, unless it is some greasy-looking cost monger, which class seem to think that I ought to take up all their two-and-sixpenny bets and "stake at the bar"—that's because they don't know me, or they'd never open their gin-drinking mouths with their badgering.

On Wednesday I took a turn about with Bill Cleaver, the famous skittle player of West Fortieth street, who left New York on the 31st of August, in the steamship "Kedar," which ran into and sunk a sailing ship in the middle of the Atlantic, but managed to save the crew and passengers. Together we visited Billy Shaw's, now keeping where his father, Jemmy, used to keep. He has taken unto himself a pretty little body, who "dresses so well and smells so sweet, that everybody loves her," as Charley Webb used to say of the "pretty horsebreaker." Billy happened to be out, and if "we, us and company" didn't go into the sherry, then Kilken is not in Limerick. I think I shall go again.

From there we went to the father's, Jemmy Shaw, in a little court off Drury Lane, and found the old gentleman all smiles, as usual, while his wife, bless her dimpled cheeks, insisted on a visit to her parlor, where song and sentiment was the order of the night until the head of the firm appeared on the scene. Jemmy remarked that we could stop as long as we liked and have what we wanted, if we'd promise not to wink at his wife, but we preferred to pay for the winking.

A stroll further up the Lane brought us to Ould Mike Madden's, but as Michael hadn't much to say, and Joe Rowe's was near by, we gave him a call, and spent an hour or more looking at his gallery of illustration, which for antiquity beats the world. Joe's usually lively little "sharer of his bed and board" was not quite so active as usual, owing to—what would you give to know now?

"As we went marching on," who should we meet in Bow street, opposite Covent Garden Theatre, and a few doors from the Bow street station, where "Muller the murderer" was examined, but the venerable Jem Ward, the father of boxing, and that bewitching Eleanor. Here was a treat, and if we didn't feel proud of seeing him, nobody did. Nothing would do but we must go to his old place, (Jem isn't in business now,) the Opera Stores, Bow street, and there and then we talked and talked for over an hour, and I tried all my "persuasive eloquence" to induce the respected friend of poor old Tom Hyer, whose picture I made him a present of, to visit America, and he promised to do so just as soon as our "cruel war" was over. Before leaving, the painter pugilist gave me a cordial invitation to take dinner with him and his family, which I haven't had an opportunity to do as yet. Having had glory (ale, more likely, you'll say,) enough for one day, Cleaver cut loose to his rendezvous, and I made my way to the hotel, "to sleep, perchance to dream, etc."

On the morning of the sixth day, my course was to call on the sporting journalists in the forenoon, and dine with "the Menken" in the afternoon. At *Bell's Life* office, Frank Dowling gave me, as the CLIPPER's representative, a very cordial reception, and we had a long talk about the Heenan and King affair, in the course of which Mr. D. said that the referee would most certainly have given the fight to Heenan had McDonald claimed it when King was out of time all of two minutes. The Benicia Boy's umpire, whoever the deuce he was, didn't claim either, and that's how folks who bet on Heenan lost their money. Mr. D. seems to think there will be some difficulty in pulling the Mace and Coburn affair through safe in Ireland, but finds no fault with Coburn, whom he speaks of very highly. The *Sporting Life* people were "all there"—Messrs. Feist, Dorling, Westhall, Reed, etc., but the great pedestrian is soon to leave to join the reportorial staff of *Bell's Life*. What will be Dorling's loss will be Dowling's gain. At the office of the *Illustrated Sporting News* and the *Age*, (the last number of which contained a very fair portrait of Adah Isaacs Menken,) 162 Fleet street, Coburn and Mace's colors were in the window, and all sorts of sporting prints; it was no easy matter to gain an "entree" from the crowd, but the difficulty over I was shown to the editor's sanctum, and adjourned from there to the Stilton Cheese to partake of sherry and lemonade, and chat about old times with Messrs. Maddick and Tallis, afterwards joined by Mr. Lee and the entire force. Calling in to see the Newbolds finished a good morning's work.

"La Belle Menken" is living in grand style at the Westminster Palace Hotel, where the Lords and Lordesses put up when Parliament is in session, and I must admit that in size it is equal to any of the great hotels in New York. Of course it would not be gallant to ask any questions, but I should say that it takes twenty guineas, specie payment, week in and week out, to live there. Having been ushered into the great female Mazeppa's presence, I found the lovely Adah dressed in the most costly and magnificent style, loaded down with diamonds, and as she arose in all the simplicity of her gentle nature to meet me, it was like being in fairy land, and I thought of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, and such like—"honest Injun," as the boys say. There's no mistake about it—Adah just takes them all down for style. She goes out every day, either on horseback in Rotten Row or in a splendid brougham with liveried coachman and footman, and the Menken crest on the panels of the chariot, creating ten times and a much more healthy excitement than that made by the famous "Anonyma" a year or two ago in this same city. Astley's, where Miss Menken is to make her *debut*, will not open until about the middle of October, instead of the 26th of September, as was expected—it is not until then that the "fashionable season" commences, and Manager Smith insists on a fashionable opening. She will then become the talk of the town, the chat of the clubs, and after the grouse have been safely bagged, the heather deserted in October, and the hunters have returned to town, one of the autumn interrogatives in society will be, "Have you seen Menken in Mazeppa?" Having seen the lady's costumes for Mazeppa, composed of elegant satin, the real ermine, and lined all through with silk, together with her swords, made expressly for her in Paris, diamond stars, etc., etc., I can only say that they are fairly dazzling to look upon, and more costly than anything ever got up in the States. Adah will have the best of everything, and people here say "there never was such a woman in the known world." Half a dozen different kinds of lithographs are to be seen in the store windows, immense posters on the walls, she is advertised in every language on the continent, pieces of music have been dedicated to her, and wherever you go it is nothing but Menken. She will either make an immense hit, or lose a heap of money, for notwithstanding the extraordinary salary she is to get, to keep up the same style it will take about all she is to get. It would be the greatest piece of foolery in the world for anybody to think of running opposition to La Menken in her line of business, until it is found out whether the theatre-going London public will support this lady, for the whole affair is an experiment, and some think rather a risky one. I've no desire to discourage others, but say beforehand, that the female Mazeppas had better wait a little longer, than run straight into the British lion's mouth before they find out what is most palatable to this peculiar animal. Respectfully, E. J.

Saturday, Sept. 24th, 1864.

POSTSCRIPT.—It is very fortunate that I deferred my visit to Ireland until the preliminaries had been arranged about the choice of ground in the Mace and Coburn match. Cusick came from Limerick, a distance of 150 miles, to Dublin, expecting to meet Mace's representative, to agree upon or toss for this important point. As I anticipated from the talk about London, *nobody on Mace's part came forward*, and as no particular day was mentioned in the articles, we had to grin and bear it. Anticipating this difficulty, I communicated with Cusick by letter, and *received his authority to act for Coburn.*

As usual, a large crowd were collected about *Bell's Life* office yesterday afternoon, among them being Bob Travers, [illegible] Puggy White, Fred Oliver, Billy Duncan, Mike Madden, [illegible] Jack Hicks, Jack Keefe, Job Cobley, Jem Dillon, etc. When I got there, Nat Langham and Harry Brunton had been ahead of me, but as Ould Nat had received no orders, he couldn't act for Coburn. Mr. Dowling told Nat it was best to telegraph at once, and named 6½ P. M. to meet again at his office. My letter of instructions didn't arrive until after [illegible] P. M., the stipulated time of the meet, and hence the delay in settling matters. As soon as it was buzzed about that I had been deputed to act for Coburn, everybody seemed to feel satisfied that this part of the programme would be carried out all right.

At 6½ P. M. Harry Brunton and Alf Milner, for Mace, and Nat Langham for Coburn, repaired to *Bell's Life* office to make arrangements. Brunton was anxious to come to some mutual agreement, but as I didn't know anything about the country, I gave him to understand that we were to toss, by which our party stood the same chance as theirs, whereas had Mace the choice of ground beforehand, it would hardly be considered the fair thing. Milner, who is Mace's trainer, had been sent "all the way from Manchester" to try his powers of diplomacy, and wanted to make out that if Mace won the toss, by "not under 25, nor over 100 miles from Dublin," *he could take Coburn to Holyhead, or any place in England, provided it came within the distance afore specified.* They thought they had a fine catch here, for it's of no use denying the fact, *Mace don't like the idea at all of fighting in Ireland*, but Mr. Dowling cut him short by stating that if they did win the toss, and Mace named a spot out of Ireland, *he should hand the money over to Coburn at once.* This shut Alfred up at once, but he looked rather glum, and it will be a flea in Mace's ear when he hears it.

During the arguments, Ould Nat's experience as counsel steered me out of all the "inuendoes" of the other side. The talk over, Brunton, pulling out half a crown, asked me if I was ready.

"The first toss decides it," says I.

"Just as you say," says he, and "Head!" cried I, and *head won the day* and the choice of ground for the man of our choice, Joe Coburn! As soon as the coin touched the floor, a bit of commotion ensued, and Ould Nat, jumping up, shouted to Brunton, "Don't you touch it!" and no one, therefore, was allowed to go near it until I had seen what it was. Having won this event, we are to give Mace three days' notice, at Mr. Woodruff's, Cambridge Inn, Island Bridge, Dublin, of the place of fighting, and also to meet at the same place on the day before the fight, between 1 and 3 P. M., to agree on a referee, which will not be so easily settled as the ground was. Of course nobody will know the spot until three days before the fight. So far, everything has gone on salubrious. Respectfully, E. J.

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTEST.

Joe Coburn vs. Jem Mace.

COBURN WINS THE CHOICE OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE preliminaries of what may be truly termed the great pugilistic contest of the age, between Joe Coburn, of America, and Jem Mace, of England, are evidently progressing in a satisfactory manner. The money is all up, both men are well and confident of success, Coburn has won the choice of ground, and on the sod of Old Ireland, on Tuesday of last week, October 4th, was witnessed, no doubt, one of the merriest mills yet known in pugilistic annals. At the date of our last advices, September 24, more attention was being paid to this event by the British public, and our exchanges come laden with more and better news than at any time since Coburn and Mace were declared matched, as the following paragraphs will make apparent:—

WHAT THE SPORTING LIFE SAYS.

On the eve of another great fight for the handsome stake of £1000, it would be imagined that something like animation would be exhibited in the affair, but there is very little of the sort, for notwithstanding the regular staking up of each deposit, and the "bulletins" from the respective head-quarters, neither hero appears to have succeeded in creating a *furore*. It cannot be from the supposition that Jem Mace has fallen off in his physique or his milling capabilities, because it is well known that Jem has never been in more splendid form than at present; and from the manner and style in which each and all of his competitors with the gloves are made to "stand back," proves, or should do so, to the most sceptical that Mace has not deteriorated in the least in his quickness of delivery. Nor does the lack of interest in the mill arise from an apprehension that Joe Coburn is no equal match for Mace, for the argument advanced that an undefeated man like Coburn, who has fought the battles he has without being hurt, must prove him to have both stamina and a degree of courage, combined with cleverness, much above the average. Both are about the same weight and height, somewhat similar in build, in full health and strength, equally resolute, sufficiently trained, confident of victory; and what is more, both intend to strain every nerve to win. Jem Cusick, the stanch friend of John C. Heenan in his great battle in 1860 with Tom Sayers, in company with Mackey, is looking after the health and morals of Coburn, which is almost a guarantee that nothing will be left undone to ensure success. Some few days since, Coburn, with his trainers, visited Charleville, seventeen miles from Ballingoola, where he (Coburn) has been training. Joe is said to be looking remarkably well, and being reduced to his fighting weight, the immense muscular power of the man is apparent to the most casual observer. Jem Mace, who has shifted his training quarters to George Martin's, Manchester, is in first rate fettle and confident of victory. He has grown immensely since his fight on September 1, 1863, with Joe Goss, and although not a juvenile, he has, like his predecessor, Tom Sayers, thickened and grown big and heavy enough to meet any one at whatever weight or size. Harry Brunton, the favorite second of Tom Sayers, has been superintending Mace's interests in London, while his old "pal," Alf Milner, of Sheffield, has been attending to his training duties, &c. Both men having been got thoroughly well, only one difficulty remains to be overcome, and that is, bringing off the fight on any terms in Ireland. The articles state that the fight shall take place over twenty and under one hundred miles from Dublin, and that the men or their representatives shall meet the day before fighting in Dublin to choose the referee. This is the great and only source of misgiving; and so much are we a nation of shop-keepers that even the most enthusiastic ring-goer will think twice before making up his mind to start on a voyage of discovery across the Irish sea. We, however, have never taken the above views of the proceedings from the very commencement, considering that we knew but too well that Mace was only too anxious to enter into an engagement with Coburn, or any other supposed representative of the United States, for any amount and at any inconvenience to himself or friends. Mace endeavored to make Coburn agree to fight in England, anywhere and at any time, but finding that Joe Coburn was stern in his resolution to fight nowhere else than in the land of his fathers, Mace gave way and agreed to all the Irish American's terms. Coburn is not to blame in the least for his sturdy adherence to his avowed resolution, considering the highly colored and flaming accounts of the presumed "ill usage" that the American representatives have met with (Heenan only in two losing battles) from the English mob. However, as both the managers of the British and the Irish American tersely observed, "those that are afraid to run all risks are not worthy of listening to;" and no doubt the instant it is announced that the toss has been won by Coburn, and other arrangements entered into, the fickle English public will no longer consider themselves ill used, but learn that all prize fights for large amounts are not always arranged for their especial delectation without some little trouble being taken in getting to the battle field. To return to a more pleasant, as well as a more business-like topic: the final deposit of £100 a side was made good, as far as regards Mace's money, on September 20th, but from the fact of Coburn's money having been all paid in at the stakeholder's, it was a mere ceremony, the actual business being gone through on September 23d, at the same official's, when Mace's representative handed over the sum of £200, viz., £100 as the final deposit, and the £100 allowed for Coburn's expenses. Langham did the amiable for Coburn as regards money matters, but said he knew nothing respecting where the toss for choice of ground would take place, especially as Coburn had written to Ould Nat, stating that Cusick would be in Dublin on September 22d to toss, and as Mace stated that the toss should take place at the stakeholder's, Harry Brunton was present "in the Strand" on his behalf. Nothing remained but for Langham to communicate with Coburn, which was accordingly done by telegraph, and another meeting appointed to take place at a quarter to six P. M. In the interim, Mr. E. James, the correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, called at the *Sporting Life* office, where a letter from Jem Cusick was waiting for him, which authorized Mr. James to toss for choice of ground. According with these arrangements, Nat Langham and Mr. James, for Joe Coburn, and Harry Brunton (with his "fidus Achates," Billy Duncan) and Alf Milner (Mace's stanch friend and trainer), who had only just arrived from Manchester, for Mace, attended at the office of the stakeholder, and from the tone of amity amongst them, a silver lining was seen to the previous dark aspect of the Mace and Coburn horizon. After some considerable palaver about arranging to fight in England, the affair managed to drop into a groove that promised things would run smoothly. Harry Brunton and Mr. E. James were the principals in the tossing department. Harry spun the coin in the air, and Mr. James called "head," and head it was, and Joe Coburn has choice of ground, to fight over 20 and under 100 miles from Dublin, and to give notice to Brunton three clear days (Friday) before the appointed day of fighting. The referee has to be chosen on Monday, October 3, between the hours of twelve and two P. M., at a well known sporting house in Dublin, but from prudential motives, the sign and locality will be kept extremely quiet. Harry Brunton and Nat Langham were to start for Dublin on Tuesday, September 27th, to look after the interests of their *proteges*.

WHAT THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS SAYS.

"'The game—the great game is beginning!'—ANON.

"'Old Time is still a-flying,' as an ancient rosy ditty hath it, and each recurring day the curtain of futurity is unveiled with bright, gladsome tidings to some by the self-same veto that dooms another to dismay and disappointment. The period is now near at hand which is to define, by manly and honorable wager of battle, the superior physical abilities of these two celebrated gladiators, and, of a verity, we may add, with the multitude, that it is a matter of little moment whether this forthcoming encounter is to be estimated or not in the character or denomination of an International match; that it is one of vast interest there can be very little doubt, and in the pugilistic circles of the Old and New World again arises the *vexata questio* as to whether the animal *physique* and muscular development of a Milesian-acclimatized American is of that Herculean or Titanic power that can bid defiance to the brawny arm and unparalleled muscle which, from the dawning days when earth was young and Adam delved, and Eve span, has been reproduced and transmitted on our soil as the gem and perfection of manhood—the unmistakeable thews and sinews of a Briton. It is a Heenan and Sayers controversy over and over again; and it is, as we often reiterated, but of a bare scintilla of import to the myriad of either English or American 'sports.' Before long we try the issue—let us trust for the sake of national character in a thoroughly impartial manner; and so steer widely clear, with upright marinership, of the rocks, and shoals, and misgivings, mysteries, and misfortune attending the battle of Wadhurst between the stalwart heroes of Limehouse (Tom King and J. C. Heenan, the now disabled and enfeebled Benicia Boy. According to the tenor of the articles they have to fight in Ireland—a stipulation insisted upon by Coburn before he would complete a match with a Saxon pug on this side of the Atlantic. There are many doubts as to whether the land of Erin will not be found as unsafe to bring off a trial of athletic skill and science as in St. James' Park, or the picturesque mountain lawn of Balmoral. Persuasion, it may be recollected, was tried by discreet and experienced counsellors, when the Americanised contracting parties reached Albion's Isle before the agreement was autographed. But Coburn, like Shakespeare's Shylock, would persist in his pound of flesh, and so, disappointed of the [illegible] and for the sake of another opportunity of showing his [illegible] indomitable gameness and science in fisticuffs, the Jockey of Norfolk bent to the stream for the honor and glory of the Old [illegible] country, wherein he has so becomingly signalised himself [illegible] our presence in many previous noted passages of arms. [illegible] match fairly on, the requisite calculating medium was [illegible] with prompt regularity to the final stakeholder, and [illegible] hopeful representatives of the noble art of self-defence were despatched into active training. Mace has taken up his final quarters at Geo. Martin's, The Royal Oak Park, Manchester. He is doing plenty of work, is in splendid condition, and books the coming tournay as a certainty. His old adjunct—Alf Milner—is invariably at his elbow, and awaits with confident composure the issue of the trial by battle of the 4th of Oct. From many private quarters, we learn that Coburn is rich in health and condition, and fit to fight for a kingdom. His whereabouts may be gathered from even this one-sided and uncourteous atom of *cacoethes scribendi*, extracted from the *Star* of the 10th of Sept. It will be seen, too, that the creature being at his dirty work again to decry the manly sport of a free people, his premises and inferences may be valued, after the manner in which civilised nations estimate the cut-throat Yankees' greenbacks as *nil*. Here are the correspondent's own words:—

"'Coming events cast their shadows before them,' and the brutalising prize-fight, it would appear, is no exception to the rule. On some spot in this green isle, on some day quickly approaching, we are promised by the recognised organs of the scientific 'P. R.' a grand 'mill,' with all the essential and elegant accessions of 'thuds'—'fizzers'—'a rum 'un on the sneezer'—'a sinister mauley'—'his dexter fin'—'the knowledge box'—'the upper cut'—'the left look-out,' and the numerous epithets and technicalities by which 'science' seeks to disguise its brutality. The Irish-American champion, Joe Coburn, is amongst us, training for the 'event.' On Monday he was trotted out by his trainers, Cusick and Mackey, at the fair of Charleville. We are told by a Limerick paper, whose name, from friendly considerations, I will withhold, that he was 'greeted most rapturously by the people of Charleville, who all wished him success.' 'Joe,' the same authority sympathisingly remarks, 'considering the strict training, looks admirably;' and again, being now 'reduced to fighting weight,' the 'immense muscles of the man are seen,' and the very sight—delectable and delicate thought!—inspires his friends with confidence as to the result. In these sinews and from his thews the initiated can recognise any amount of 'cochineal, or purple, or claret' flowing, and any number of 'cross buttocks' and 'back locks.' Mace is in fact already a vanquished man. The 4th of October is, I understand, the day fixed for this tourney, in which all resources of 'hit, stop, and get away' will, no doubt, be admirably developed, to the great delight and demoralization of thousands who call themselves human beings, and who would consider themselves grossly libelled were I to write them down brutes!" It ought in justice to Coburn to state that ever since he has been seeking the four-wreathed shamrock since re-visiting the emerald green slopes of his fatherland, he has won golden opinions from all the boys of St. Patrick (and the Sheelahs to boot) from the Blarney Stone to the Bog of Allan, and one end of the friendly shire of Limerick to the other. The last letter from our private commissioner across St. George's Channel described him, indeed, as Wordsworth does in his "Excursion,"

"A man he seems of *cheerful yesterdays*
And confident to-morrows."

With mutual respect and good will to both antagonistic rivals for a rich pecuniary stake, we long only for fair play, and that the best man of the twain will receive the handsome thousand welcome to his exchequer.

On Tuesday evening we attended Harry Brunton's, on the occasion of the final deposit of the contracting parties. As might naturally be expected, neither Josephus or Jeames "put in an appearance," as the lawyers say, so that it was all dumb show as to posting the Coriander's, for the recognised backers of the heroes—Tom Sayers' Green Dragon Harry and the Ould Nat, who shelters himself under the famed St. Martin's lane Mitre—laughingly assured the select company present that they still had a sufficient balance at their bankers to complete the stakes in fitting time with the final stakeholder; and so the mere formal proceeding of posting the coin, according to the Anglicised version, or putting up the stakes, as Brother Jonathan would say, was "tabooed for the nonce." Amongst the gentlemen present we were exceedingly glad to notice Mr. Edwin James, the talented correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, and the retaining of his services must show very forcibly the advanced *status* which THE CLIPPER has of late years attained amongst the sports of the States. Harry Brunton offered £1,400 to £800 on Mace, or any part of Bank of England's in proportion, which met with an immediate rejoinder from Nat Langham, acting for Coburn, that nothing less than £3,000 to £1,000, £300 to £100, or £30 to £10 could be accepted. As Tennyson says in Locksley Hall—"Let the world spin forever down the ringing grooves of time," there will always exist a diversity of opinion in all things. The men were officially reported as in the highest healthful guise of condition, and we hope they will do their devoirs in the ring with the chivalrous conduct of a Bayard or a Crichton.

WHAT BELL'S LIFE SAYS.

"The final deposit for this match, making £1,000 down, was duly posted at Harry Brunton's on Tuesday, Sept. 20; but although a considerable number of persons were present, in anticipation of some agreement being come to for choice of place of fighting, they were doomed to disappointment, no one attending with any authority to arrange matters on behalf of Coburn. It was now supposed that Coburn's friends, wishing matters to be kept snug, intended following our advice, and meeting Brunton privately at our office the next day; but this supposition proved as vain as the anticipations of the previous night, no one whomsoever putting in an appearance. We at once concluded that Joe intended adhering strictly to the articles, and that the 22d, the day named in the articles, would be selected by him; but that day also passed, not only without our hearing either from him or his friends, but also without any sign from Brunton on behalf of Mace, a circumstance at which we were not a little surprised. On Friday, however, Harry Brunton attended at our office prepared to act for Mace, and expressed his surprise that Coburn had not communicated with him on the subject. Here he was joined by Nat Langham, who has nominally represented Coburn in this country; but, on our questioning Nat, he said he had no authority to toss, and was quite as much in the dark as to what Joe's intentions were as ourselves. This increased the difficulty of the position, and we began to have fears as to the result, but, fortunately, in the nick of time, Mr. E. James, of the New York CLIPPER, made his appearance at our office as a properly-qualified representative of Coburn; and, after a few preliminaries, he and Harry Brunton tossed for choice of place, and agreed that the winner should give the loser notice on Friday next, at a house in the neighborhood of Dublin, of the intended trysting place. The toss was won by Mr. James, and, so far as arrangements could then be made, all terminated amicably and satisfactorily. Before parting it was further agreed that the representatives of the men should meet between one and three on Monday, Oct. 3, at the same house where the notice is to be given, to agree upon a referee.

"During the week we have had several communications from Mace, two from Liverpool and one from Manchester, in each of which he represents himself as better than he ever was in his life. He states that he shall be bigger than in any of his former battles, and will weigh about 11st 5lb. From Coburn, as we have stated, we have no direct accounts; but rumor states that he is doing good work, and although, perhaps, still a little fleshy, is getting himself into excellent fettle. We have still heard of but little betting, nor does the excitement appear to increase, as it did on the eve of the great fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan. This is doubtless in a great measure owing to the prevailing belief that the mill will not come off. A very general feeling exists, amounting almost to a certainty, that the authorities in Ireland will not permit the fight, and this being so, people seem to take it into their heads that Coburn will stick to the strict letter of the articles, and a draw will be the result. This we can hardly believe will be the case, and we have every confidence that when the eventful time arrives, both will be at their posts, and that no unfair advantage will be attempted on either side. Mr. James informs us that in New York there is quite as much betting as on the Sayers and Heenan match, and that anything above 5 to 4 on Mace is eagerly taken."

A BILLET ON BILLIARAS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1864.

MR. QUEEN—DEAR SIR—Can you inform me why—previous to all billiard matches—this and that player's execution is extolled and lauded out of all reason, and the statement made that great probability exists of his wresting the championship from Kavanagh? Is it to fool outsiders, or persons unacquainted with the game or players? I, for one (and I know of many others), think it is all wrong, and regret that we have not one paper honest enough to state facts as they exist in regard to the championship contest. Why, I verily believe the poorest marker boy in New York knows better, and turns up his nose in disgust (if he can read) at the perusal of some of the articles that have been published in regard to this matter during the past year. Again, in regard to the "push shot." Now every one that goes to billiard matches wants to see long runs, no matter how they are made. In proof of this, look at the applause players receive at runs of one hundred. It is more than they would get for a run of seventy-five, when the push shot was excluded. I firmly believe that a match in which pushing is not allowed would not draw patronage enough to pay expenses, and in partial proof of this, I would refer you to the contest between Phelan and Kavanagh, and that in aid of charity. I remain, a patron of the CLIPPER, respectfully, etc.,

J. A. HENAT.

[We give publicity to the above letter, because: first, questions are asked; second, because a charge is made; and third, because there is some cause for the strictures it contains. In regard to the laudation of those who seek to attain the championship, we would remark that by some papers too much of that sort of thing is done, and beyond what is in consonance with the truth; but the CLIPPER pleads not guilty, as an examination of its files will

prove. When, however, a match for the championship is near at hand, it is quite proper to give it due publicity and speak in eulogy of the contestants so far as their skill warrants. Our correspondent has evidently written under the effects of disappointment induced by witnessing the late match between Kavanagh and Tieman, and the inference is, that he thinks Tieman was over-rated. We differ with him, for Tieman's play on that occasion was not to be taken as a specimen of his skill by any means. In proof, we might state that on the previous evening, on the same table, he ran a game of 300 points clean out. It is not so easy, as this correspondent seems to think, for a man to step before a large audience, and play, for an object so much to be coveted, as though he were in his own or a private saloon, for it is an immense tax on the nervous system, which few have the stolidity to withstand. In this lies the superiority of Kavanagh's public performances. Goldthwait and Foley, too, are tough customers in this respect, especially the latter. Had it not been for nervousness at the close of the game, Goldthwaite would have won in his last match. In regard to the "push shot," we believe that its omission would make the game more scientific, but not one iota less attractive. The Phelan and Kavanagh match was no proof to the contrary. The reasons for the sparse attendance then was because of the Sanitary Fair, and because it was overshadowed by the Championship Match. Any spectacle of that kind to attract the public must involve a contest for something valuable intrinsically, or else in honorary distinction, and neither of these were involved in Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh's match, but both were in that for the Championship. Having occupied too much space already in replying in a general way to our too captious correspondent, we must now leave him to his reflections.—Ed. Clip.]

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EARL H. PIERCE.

This well-known delineator of Ethiopian eccentricities was born in New York in 1823. His first appearance before the public was in Philadelphia, with Ogden and Raymond's Circus Company, he in early life having a penchant for the sawdust business. In 1842 he joined a Minstrel party, composed of Dan Emmet, Frank Brower, Jimmy O'Connell, Frank Diamond, Mestayer and Master Pierce. At this time the party was performing at the Franklin Theatre, New York, but Master Pierce also appeared, in conjunction with Dan Emmet, on the same evenings at the Bowery Amphitheatre. This was in December, 1842. Leaving the Minstrels for awhile, he joined Turner's Circus, and roamed around the country, knocking about everywhere. He then joined E. P. Christy's Minstrels, and remained with them for a long period, becoming an immense favorite. He was on the tamborine end with George Christy, who was then in his prime, and was *then* considered a clever comedian. After leaving the Christys, he organized a Minstrel band and opened the Olympic Theatre, 442 Broadway, in April, 1850. The party was called Pierce's Minstrels, and was under the direction of Jerome B. Fellows. After a siege of managing, he drew out of the profession, and opened a public house at 474 Broadway, adjoining Mechanics' Hall, with Ben Mallory as a partner. Not liking the life of a publican, he sold out and went to England in 1856 with J. W. Raynor's band, who called themselves the Raynor's-Christy's Minstrels. They appeared at Polygraphic Hall, London, and were very successful. He remained in England with this party until his death, which occurred on Sunday, June 5th, 1859. Christy's Minstrels gave no performances for four nights. He was taken sick and was sent to a hospital just out of London, and had a private male nurse who watched him constantly, and he had the best of care. On the morning of his death he said he felt first-rate and looked much improved. Expressing a wish to see a priest, his nurse started out with him to walk to the priest's residence, and when near the house, he all at once reeled over, and in an instant fell dead.

Far from his home on foreign shore,
The minstrel sleeps—his toils are o'er.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity. As an Ethiopian comedian, he had very few superiors. As a humorist, in either of the spheres of action to which his varied talents strongly recommended him, he possessed great originality; in fact, was one of the most original men ever known in the business. He was looked upon by a great many brother professionals as the best end man that ever put on burnt cork. His playing the tamborine was immense. His banjo solos were also equal to anything of the kind ever seen or heard. He was the original "hoop de dooden doo," and his singing of this song and the manner in which he *acted* it, was so irresistibly comic that it always elicited tremendous applause. His walk around was a capital thing, and he was an excellent dancer. His was not the dry cackle, or the senseless chuckle which is now so popular with many of our Ethiopian performers. It was rich, unctuous, the expressed juice of careless mirth and jollity. It struck the heart with a positive shock of fun, and never failed to bring a quick, childish peal of laughter to the lips. His audience laughed as though there were nothing better in the world to do—and for the time, they forgot that there was. Humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain to gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural spring than ever tragedy watered from her pompous old urn. To sum Mr. Pierce all up, he was considered the best general performer in the minstrel business.

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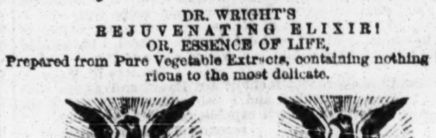

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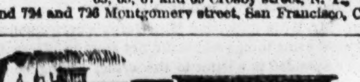

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Oct. 10, '64.

OWING TO A HEAVY PRESS of less important matter, we are compelled to abridge our "city stuff," as the compositors irreverently term our introductory overtures; but what is lost in quantity will be more than compensated for in quality, to use a much abused figure of speech......The coming election for the Presidency, although enlisting a great deal of public attention, does not seem to injure our amusement resorts to any serious extent; the theatres are all making money, although they are not quite so crowded as formerly. The most liberally patronized places, perhaps, are Niblo's Garden and the Broadway, Mr. Forrest and Mr. Owens continuing to fill those theatres every night they appear. The theatre that last year held undisputed sway—Wallack's—is not so successful this year, at least up to the present time. ......A lively little skirmish is going on between Miss Matilda Heron and Mr. John Schlessinger, the latter the dramatic critic of the *Home Journal*, and well known as one of our best chess players. Mr. S., in criticising Miss Heron's performance of "Camille," said some things which did not seem to please the lady, and she responded in a letter to the critic, saying some things which gave him an opportunity to open still heavier on the "one more unfortunate" "Camille." Mr. S. is an able writer, a gentleman and a scholar, and knows whereof he writes. The lady is equally able in her sphere of action, but has committed a trifling error, we think, in allowing herself to become somewhat excited in the matter. However, it's not our quarrel; all we have to say is, "may the best man win."

"THESE flowers last but for a little space" that are in full blossom at the Winter Garden. On the 3d inst., Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was presented at this house in very fair style, the two Dromios being represented by J. S. Clarke and O. S. Fawcett, the latter "a young man only nineteen years old," but whose performance is sufficiently amusing to attract the notice of our critics. The Dromios are made up in such a manner as to mislead many of the auditors as to which is which and who's who; and, considering that Mr. Fawcett is but a very young man, and but short time before the public, he does remarkably well. In fact, he is not far behind Mr. Clarke, and yet that is not saying a great deal, for our memory is still fresh in the recollection of the lamented Burton as the Dromio of Syracuse, and, before it, the acting of Mr. Clarke pales like a petroleum light before the "glorious orb of day." If he will only throw a little more of the true spirit into the part, and take into consideration the fact that Major DeBoots never visited the city of Syracuse, he may be able to make something of it. It is the duty of every critic to speak the truth boldly and fearlessly; it is due not only to himself, but it is due the actor, also. Many of our dramatic writers select some favorite upon whom they lavish all their praises, and, like the superstitious Brahmins, are unable to see any defects in their idol. The Comedy has been carefully cut down, and, while some of [illegible] have been added. We do not anticipate a long run for the play. Messrs. J. G. Hanley and S. K. Chester, as the Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus, performed their parts respectably, and looked like a "pair of twins." "Somebody's Coat," a new farce, is passable only; it gives place this week to a petite comedy called "Love in Livery."

AMONG THOSE who went down to the sea in ships, last week, were Mr. B. A. Baker and some of the company for the St. Charles, New Orleans, and Mons. La Thorne and troupe for the Academy of Music, in the same city. They left here on the 5th, but before the ship had got "half seas over," and likewise some of the passengers, an accident happened to the machinery of the "great ship" Champion, and the captain deemed it prudent to put back, the vessel and her living freight arriving here on the 7th. The necessary repairs having been made, the Champion started again on Sunday, 9th inst., outward bound. We wish the boys and girls a safe passage out. Among those engaged for the Academy, and on board the Champion, are Misses Eva Brent, Kate Pennoyer, Josephine Zanfretta, M'lle Rosita, Julia Lehman, Lillie Brandon, Adelaide Nixon, Mary Woodruff, Mary Young, Alexander Zanfretta, Beppo Zanfretta, Mons. H. Auguste, Bob Hart, Jas. Gaynor, Willis Armstrong, August Lehman, Billy Emerson, Mons. La Thorne, etc.

"LIGHTENS my humor with his many jests," was the exclamation of a well-dressed young man on leaving the Broadway Theatre the other night. Owens is decidedly a rare hit, and although he has for five weeks made "Victims" on the stage, he has not, to our knowledge, had a victim among his audiences. Go on, Solon Shingle, and may thy fame extend even to the undiscovered tribes who now inhabit the interior of Africa.

"TRIFLES light as air" are oftentimes provocative of the most boisterous mirth to seekers after pleasure. Thus it is that the light and airy trifles we see at Wood's Minstrels afford us such pleasureable emotions and create such "unbiassed happiness." This week, the "Conscripts" will show us their manner of "Running the Blockade;" and though we may be "Deaf as a Post," "The Echo" we shall hear, and smile upon the eccentricities of "The Miller and his Men," while listening to the martial airs of the "Black Brigade," all of which, and more too, can be seen and heard nightly at Wood's favorite place of public resort.

"I DO NOT DOUBT but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy," but it is not our purpose to give any elaborate criticism of "Martin Chuzzlewit," as performed at the Olympic. Since the first few representations, the play has been shorn of half an hour's worth of superfluous matter, the performers are up in their many parts, and the whole concern runs more smoothly, which is that much in its favor; although well placed upon the stage and well-played, it is not what the critics, when speaking the truth, would call a "decided success." Mrs. Wood has been somewhat unfortunate in her selection of pieces, and we are sorry for it. She has as pretty a theatre as there is in the country, a very efficient and talented company, an orchestra second to none, yet there has been a mistake in the choice of pieces calculated to please the patrons of the house. Although "Chuzzlewit" is the best offered us this season, it is not sufficiently entertaining to fill the house, or to become a "sensation." And in this connection, permit us to say a word or two to Mrs. John Wood. We are so accustomed to say pleasant things of this lady's acting, that it "touches us sorely" to be obliged to speak of her disapprovingly, yet "truth is mighty," and "justice demands the sacrifice." Mrs. Wood's Master Bailey is, as we said last week, a very amusing performance, yet in its entirety it is not life-like; on some occasions her acting of the part borders on the burlesque, and especially so in the dinner scene at Mrs. Todger's boarding house. No sensible man would allow a common boot black (no disrespect to the fraternity, boys of the polish brigade,) a boy of all work, to place the cover of a soup tureen on his head, or ram his hat in the coal scuttle. Bear this in mind, Thalia. Otherwise the part is pretty well played. The play is well carried out, and it is neither the author's fault, nor the company's if the piece should fail to crowd the house.

"I'LL PUT a girdle round about the earth in forty seconds," remarked little Puck, in "Midsummer Night's Dream." And now another little chap intends to put, on a similar trip, but not in such quick time. Tom Thumb, with his family (how large it sounds), intends leaving on the 29th inst. for Europe and a market, and as the present is probably the last opportunity our big people will have of viewing the little people, the Museum will be crowded from henceforth until the last days of Thumb. Rumor says that a little Thumb has already been procured to accompany the party. If so, then look out for squalls.

"WHO HATH READ, or heard of any kindred action like to this" is the oft-repeated remark of the majority of play-goers who have witnessed Mr. Forrest in his masterly delineation of the character of Damon, in which he appeared last week, in addition to Hamlet. Manager Wheatley, of Niblo's, cannot receive too great praise for affording us occasional glimpses of this great tragedian. ......Mad. Methua Scheller appeared as Ophelia, to Mr. Forrest's Hamlet, and is said to have made a very favorable impression. As we did not see it, we cannot speak by the card......We understand that a dramatic conception from the pen of J. B. Howe, the author and actor, introducing powerful scenic effects, is now in course of preparation, and will be shortly produced......"Jack Cade" is announced for to-night. It will fill the house to its limits.

"O FORTUNE, FORTUNE! all men call thee fickle," yet fickle fortune oftimes waves her wand and scatters full and plenty where erst such fruits were never seen before. Go to Heller's Saloon, and see what wondrous change Miss Fortune has wrought there. Until Heller came, and Hingston ope'd the door, most strange misfortune did this house attend; but now, "scenes that are brightest" please the eye, music's dulcet strains entrance our ears, and magic's mystic wand bewilders while it charms. [It may be well to remind the incredulous reader that *all* this pretty talk is *not* Shakespeare's; some of it, and probably the best part of it, is from the irrepressible pen of yours, as ever.] The existing programme brings so much change to the Salle, that Heller deems it inexpedient to change any bill except such as may be presented at the ticket office.

"WHAT, SHALL THIS SPEECH be spoke for our excuse? or shall we on without apology?" Why, go on without so much unnecessary blather, responds the uneducated and sassy reader; but he's right, so on we'll go, and say that Campbell's Minstrels, in the Bowery, will all appear in "Smothered Onions" this week, and solve the difficult problem as to "Who'll Take the Cup," and "Hoop de Dooden Do."

EATON STONE, who has been Eaton Stone all his life, (this joke is stale, and is only used now for the want of a better) is engaged to ride at the Hippotheatron.

"DRAW NEAR, ye people," and "hear us for our cause." Mr. Eddy closed a successful engagement at the New Bowery on the 8th inst., and will soon leave for New Orleans, having become one of the managers of the St. Charles Theatre, in that city. We wish him every success........Great bills will be offered at the New Bowery this week, Monday's programme showing no less than four pieces, one of them a new drama by J. B. Howe, called "Bessy Wild, the Thief-Taker's Daughter," which is pronounced a capital play.

"LEAVES HAVE THEIR time to fall," and Bohemian Glass Blowers to blow, and to fulfil this prophecy, Woodroffe's Bohemian troupe have secured Hope Chapel in which to blow and manufacture various articles of fancy glass ware, while entertaining their patrons. In addition to the regular evening exhibition, matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Into Hope Chapel let us pass, to view the wond'rous works in glass.

IT WAS OUR HAPPY LOT, a few evenings ago, to witness a performance at the New Yorker Stadt Theatre, which in all its particulars would have done credit to many of the theatres on the west side of the metropolis. The spacious building, erected on the site of the old Volks Garten, where lager bier and pretzels were once as plentiful as the desert sands, was crowded from parquet to dome with the Teutonic element of our population. What a handsome structure it is! No gaudy colors meet the eye, but all is as plain and modest as the unassuming garb of a Quaker. The seats are wide and comfortable, with well stuffed cushions of red velvet; the attendants are polite and courteous, and everything is calculated to made the deep thinking German enjoy himself to his heart's content. Diamonds flashed, silks rustled, and quaint jockey hats adorned with crimson feathers set off to advantage the features of merry damsels with dimpled chins and pouting lips. The play was a three act comedy entitled Gegeuilber ("Opposite") which if translated would no doubt achieve a success on the American boards. Mrs. Hoym as Amalie Von Wahren, the lively aunt, was all that could be expected from so great an actress. The light haired Miss Petersen as Edwina, her niece, would have won attention from even an anchorite. This latter lady was as beautiful as moonbeams rippling on the wave, and we felt like exclaiming in the words of Shakespeare "What stars do spangle heaven with so much beauty, as those two eyes become that heavenly face." Wolfgang, a student, and Hartlied, a musical director, were also ably rendered by Miss Hesse and Mr. Knorr. The *habitue* of fashionable places of amusement who has been accustomed to the giggling of foolish maidens, the rustling of play bills or the waving of fans would be astonished at the universal silence which attends the representation of a German play. No greater tribute can be paid to the skill of an artist than deep and earnest attention. The orchestra, under the able leadership of Herwig, discoursed some excellent music, and we came away as pleased as a child with a new toy.

JOSEPH MARZETTI, a well-known pantomimist and formerly one of the principal members of the Ravel Troupe, died in this city on the 6th inst., and was buried in Greenwood on the 7th. His funeral was attended by a few professionals, and the Clemente Amitie Cosmopolite Lodge No. 410, of which he was a member. He was with the Ravels in 1834, traveling in Italy and Spain. In 1836 he came to the United States with the Ravels, and remained with them until they left the country. At the time of his death he was the principal member of the Martinetti & Marzetti Troupe under the management of Mr. Curran. He was taken sick out West, and the troupe disbanded and came to this city, where he died. He was the original Jocko in the "Brazilian Ape," and was a most excellent performer. Of three intimate friends, professionally and socially bound together in life by many ties, Marzetti was the last living. Fenelon was first taken away, then Paul Brillant, and now Marzetti's death closes the account.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON opened on the 3d inst., with one of the best companies of acrobats, gymnasts and equestrians seen in this city for some time. Mr. James M. Nixon is the director, and Richard Platt is the monied man. The night we were present the attendance was very good, and we see no reason why a good company with able management should not make the Iron Building a paying institution. The act of the Four Globes, by the Talleen Brothers, although an old act, was very cleverly done. M'lle Ida Sherwood rode a very graceful act of horsemanship. She is a charming equestrienne, and a chip of the old block. The posturing of Mr. Siegrist and his little pupil was a beautiful act, and truly wonderful for one of such tender years. The gymnastic act of the Talleen Brothers and Herr Molique was another good act, well performed, and heartily applauded throughout. The leaping was one of the best acts that we have seen for some time; every one tried to outdo the other as to who could go the highest and with the most grace, and the act was a capital one. Young Nicolo did the Zampillaerostation act with wonderful ease and grace. He is decidedly a great performer on the "Zampil." M'lle Marietta Zanfretta, one of the most graceful and daring tight rope performers in the business, appeared and danced the rope with great ease. She performed some wonderful feats, and was as confident as on *terra firma*. Mr. Nat Austin, who appeared as Motley, is one of the most gentlemanly clowns we ever listened to. He never descends to vulgarity, and never forgets that he is playing to an audience composed principally of ladies. Taken altogether, the company is decidedly the best seen in this city for some time.

ALF BURNETT, the well-known humorist, is at present in the city. He is one of the most original and quaint performers we know of. He gave a performance at Williamsburg on the 8th inst. Alf will probably give New Yorkers a taste of his quality.

THE BANJO is a purely American production, and, in the hands of men who understand it, susceptible of many pleasing changes and harmonious combinations. There are thousands of men who claim to be players who know but little of the hidden beauties of the instrument; there are others, however, who understand it well, and practice upon it with much ability. Among these are the Dobson Brothers and Charles B. Converse. A difficulty having arisen between one of the former and Mr. Converse, the latter in our last proposed to meet one of the brothers, and in a public trial have the question of superiority in banjo playing, settled. To this card, the brothers reply in our advertising department, where also may be found a card from Mr. Converse. In the event of a public [illegible], the great diff[illegible] would be in the choice of competent persons to act as judges and referee. They should not only be thorough musicians, but have a good knowledge of the banjo, its difficulties, and its many beauties.

"HAPPILY MET, my lady." This has reference to Miss Fanny Herring, who makes her first appearance this season at the Old Bowery, this evening, Oct. 10th, as "Lysiah, the Abandoned," in a tragic drama translated from the German. Miss Herring is one of the most versatile actresses on the stage, a beautiful dresser, and a decided favorite on the eastern slope. She will have a lively welcome on the occasion of her *rentree*, as we used to say in college.

PETROLEUM promises to make an addition to our aristocracy, and hereafter the fashionable world will be divided into three classes, viz.: codfish, shoddy and petroleum; but the most sociable and jolly of all classes congregate nightly at 444 Broadway to see Manager Butler's company in their varied acts. To-night we are to see "The Goose with the Golden Egg," a new farce, direct from England, now offered to the American public for the first time. Dick Sands, the clog dancer, has joined the merry men at the American, and gives some of his outlandish terpsichorean displays each evening. By the way, what has Richard to say to the proposed dance for the clog championship? Sam Hague and Tim Hayes are in, and are awaiting responses from other Champions.

HE WALKS the tight rope like a thing of life, but illy expresses the wonderful character of the performances of Mons. De Lave, at the Varieties, in the Bowery. Whether up or down, across or backward, 'tis all the same; he does it. And so does A. M. Hernandez, the great pantomimist, who is now one of the reigning stars at this establishment. Let but the necessary attention be given to the management of the Varieties, and there will be no such word as "cave."

ONE DOLLAR, as long as it lasts, can be made useful in many ways; it will purchase a lunch, or a glass of brandy, or a plate of hash, or a loaf of bread, or anything which used to cost a shilling. But if exchanged for a ticket of admission to the Manufacturing Jewelers' Concerts, there is a chance of your getting a sewing machine, a piano, a watch, and many other things not enumerated in the programme. Every purchaser is sure of *something*; but "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," as the poet so feelingly expresses it. The actuary, at his headquarters, Nos. 542 and 544 Broadway, is doing a lively trade, and people are carrying off castors and things with great animation.

ANCE WOOD'S benefit at Campbell's minstrel hall, on the 7th inst., turned out to be a great success. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and nearly five hundred people were turned away unable to gain admittance. The box office was closed fifteen minutes after the doors opened, and when the curtain rose there was not a vacant spot for a standee in the building. It was a perfect ovation. Mr. Wood was presented with a magnificent gold watch by a few of his friends, and everything passed off lively.

FRANK EDWARDS, the well-known treasurer for the Campbell Minstrels, takes a benefit at Campbell's on Friday evening, Oct. 14. Besides the regular troupe who will appear, a few volunteers will put in an appearance, among whom are Nelse Seymour, Dick Sands the clog dancer, Tony Pastor, Jr. and Wallie B. Freeland. Frank, who is a whole-souled fellow, has a host of friends, and he deserves what he no doubt will receive, a substantial token of the high esteem in which he is held by all. Let Campbell's hall be crowded on Friday the 14th.

MR. CHARLES PETERS, the low comedian, not being satisfied with his Boston engagement, returned to this city last week, and the second day after his arrival here, and while attempting to jump on the front part of one of the Third Avenue cars, slipped, and the wheel passed over one of his legs, fracturing it very badly. At last accounts it was thought that amputation would have to be resorted to.

IN CONSEQUENCE of Mad. Methua Scheller's success as Ophelia, Mr. Wheatley has engaged her to play Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons," to his own Claude Melnotte, on the 19th of October. To Mr. Forrest, in the first place, is the lady indebted for this fine opening. He is the man who has generously extended to her the hand of an artist. Mr. Wheatley, in the second instance, is to be thanked for his willingness and liberality in offering her a chance at his theatre. He will present the "Lady of Lyons" in a superb manner to the public. The lady's slight accent will be even less perceptible in this piece than before; it gradually disappears, and when she has performed oftener it is thought that every trace of it will vanish. It is pretty difficult to acquire the language in so short a time; two years ago she spoke it in such a manner as to be hardly able to make herself understood. Great credit is therefore due to her teacher, Professor J. E. Frobisher, a man of excellent judgement and taste. As soon as she has acquired more ease in speaking the language, so will her excellence in acting increase in proportion. Mad. Scheller is an actress of our soil. Here she has acquired all she knows, and she never had any models to go by. She is, at least, no imitator. Our *protege* advances step by step. Every step secures her a better reputation, and many good steps will bring her at last to an exalted position.

THE DIRECTORS of the New York Stadt Theatre are in treaty with Mlle. Frederica Gossmann, the original "Cricket."

Dramatic.

F. S. CHANFRAU, the well known Mose and versatile comedian commences at the Memphis Theatre on the 10th inst. for three weeks. His recent engagement of five weeks at Chicago was both pleasant and profitable to him.

THE CHARLES R. THORNE DRAMATIC TROUPE, which sailed from California last June, for a tour round the world, was last heard from in Hong Kong, China. We have the Hong Kong *Evening Mail* at hand of the 28th July, in which it speaks of their reception, which was immense. They had given ten performances in the place, to crowded houses, averaging $2000 per night, all in silver. The "Hunchback," "Honeymoon," "Old Guard," and "Don Cæsar" had been immensely received, they being the first representations in that country. They left on the 1st of August for Japan, returning via Shanghai, and then proceed to Calcutta, Madras, Cairo, Alexandria (Egypt), Gibraltar, England, and then home again. The company consist of the Thorne family, Alecia Mandeville, Hattie Johnson, and Johnson Leslie.

A COMPLIMENTARY to Ned Simmons takes place at Homer, N. Y., on the 10th inst. O'Harra and Hill's Troupe were to assist.

IN REGARD to the recent arrest of Messrs. Bokee and Raymond, of the Holliday, Baltimore, our correspondent "Occasional" says: "Permit me to contradict the statement made by 'Monumental' in your last issue, in regard to the difficulty between Messrs. Bokee and Raymond, members of the Holliday's company. He says that Mr. Bokee exclaimed 'Thank God I am not an American!' This is not so. The answer to Lord Duberly's question of 'Then you must be a Yankee Doodle?' was simply, 'No, sir, I am not a Yankee!' This is a fact, as I was present on the occasion and heard the remark. In regard to Mr. Raymond, he says that Mr. R. 'abused the captain of the guard.' This is also untrue, as Mr. R. did nothing but say that he could swear that Mr. Bokee did not make use of the expression, nor did he think that the informant of the affair could swear that he did. Although the affair has long since been settled, and I should not, perhaps, have again brought it forward, yet in justice to the gentlemen concerned, I think it necessary, so that a false report in regard to them may not gain credit, and perhaps injure the credit of the parties concerned."

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, the eldest son of the great tragedian, has been the attraction the past week, opening on Monday, October 3d, in "Richard," to the largest house of the season. Every seat in the house was filled long before the curtain was raised, and by the time the play commenced the aisles were filled with camp stools, and many were unable to secure any seat. The impression he created in the character of the "hunchbacked tyrant" was very favorable, and he bids fair to become as great a favorite with the Baltimore people as his two brothers, Edwin and J. Wilkes. He has since appeared as Iago, in "Othello," Mr. J. McCollum rendering the character of the jealous Moor very finely. During the week, Mr. Booth was taken with a very bad cold, and consequently did not appear on Thursday night last, for which night "Macbeth" had been announced, but "The Stranger" was substituted in place of it, Mr. McCollum appearing as the Stranger, and Miss Alice Gray as Mrs. Haller.

THE EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE, Kate Raymond, Collins, and Gates, has had an excellent run at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and concluded their engagement there on the 8th inst. They are succeeded by the "Irish Boy and Yankee Gal," the Florences, who open there on Monday night, October 10th. Managers Kunkle and Moxley can congratulate themselves on having secured the services of this funny couple, as they are favorites there, and ought to draw crowded houses during their stay.

CARD.—Cairo, Ill., Sept. 29, 1864.—FRANK QUEEN: In your issue of the 24th, there is an article headed "Theatricals in Cairo, Ill.," which does me such gross injustice, and is so utterly false and malicious, that I cannot let it pass unnoticed, and I trust to your sense of fair play to publish my reply to it. The article states that "Sam Ryan and Kate Denin left under peculiar circumstances," and that "on the following day Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bently followed their example, and that dissatsifaction with the manner in which the stage was managed—or mismanaged—is assigned as a reason for this sudden leave-taking." Allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that there is not a particle of truth in this statement. Mr. Ryan and Miss Kate Denin left on account of sickness; Mr. and Mrs. Bently left without assigning any reason either to myself or Mr. Crump, and without a moment's notice. Thus far your correspondent's statement is wholly false. Now then to the small amount of truth in the remainder of the article, and to show how unblushingly it has been perverted. "On the same grounds of complaint," proceeds your correspondent, "six more members of the already decimated company gave notice *of their intention of leaving*"—the grammar of this sentence your correspondent must answer for—"unless immediate change took place in the objectionable quarter." *There was no such notice given*; but a *rumor* to that effect reached the ears of the manager, who communicated it to me. There are but few theatres without some discontented people in them, and the Athenæum was not one of the few. Among the malcontents were two persons who had behaved very badly some time previous, and also a man who had twice appeared upon the stage in a state of intoxication, and who would have been discharged but that, owing to the almost simultaneous opening of so many theatres, and the great demand for actors, the management feared he could not replace them. Part of the company were at Paducah, and in case these people left suddenly, it would have been a great loss to the manager, for he would probably have had to close, and we were playing to $400 houses. Rather than such a thing should take place, I *resigned* the stage management, and Mr. Crump immediately re-engaged me as an actor at the same salary that I had received for the double duties of actor and stage manager. I could explain more fully did I not fear to take up too much of your space; but as my object is merely to vindicate myself, and not to accuse others, I have made my letter as short as possible. Yours respectfully,

THOMAS R. HANN.

I have read the above statement of Mr. Hann, and affirm that it is true in every particular; and I also add that as my stage manager he has proved himself capable, fair, and honorable.

GEORGE T. CRUMP, manager.

THEATRICALS AND THE OPERA IN BROOKLYN flourish exceedingly this season. On Monday, Oct. 3d, "Lady Audley's Secret," as dramatized by John Brougham, was presented to a crowded house at Mrs. Conway's Park Theatre, the occassion being made noteworthy by the first appearance of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the charming sister of the fair manageress of the Park Theatre. The audience present were Wallackian in respectability and appreciation, and from the hearty applause awarded to the principal performers, Mrs. Bowers being specially called out, we should say that all enjoyed the performance throughout. Mrs. Bowers is an actress of great personal attractions, and talented withal, and she appears to great advantage in both respects in this play, her appreciation of the salient points of it, and her true rendering of the character throughout, making her performance quite a dramatic treat. She was ably supported by Messrs. Conway, Lewis and Grover; Lewis' George Talboys being quite a feature of the representation. The piece has drawn good houses through the week, in spite of the counter attractions offered at the Academy, at which place the Italian Opera and "Mazeppa" entered the lists for the patronage of the Brooklynites......"Mazeppa" at the Academy, by the way, was a rich performance. We felt pity for poor Kate Fisher. It is seldom that an actress encounters so many obstacles to a successful presentation as she did that night. The house was crowded, the demand for available seats for witnessing the ballet and such interesting parts as the play develops, leading the manager into being tempted to dispose of engaged seats. We took pains to analyze the audience present on this occasion, and the result surprised even us. It is well known what strenuous exertions were made to repress every performance at the Academy that was not in the highest degree moral in language, action and tone, even Mrs. Wood's burlesque style being tabooed as not the right thing for the moral society of the City of Churches. Now all this was the veriest humbugging imaginable. The very self-same would-be moralists who were so loud in their objections, were nightly in the habit of availing themselves of the privileges of moral sight-seeing to be had in the metropolis, and it was not long before they were seen through, and the obstacles they interposed to the playing of the regular programme of dramatic amusements renounced; when this was done, lo and behold! none were more constant visitors to every performance not called moral by the church people that was presented at the Academy. In strolling through the house on Tuesday night, Oct. 4th, we hunted up a good many of these fellows in out-of-the-way places, but in just the locality the legs were to be seen. Although Kate was dressed quite modestly for the character, this very fact was to them a disappointment, they expecting something different. They, however, consoled themselves with the *ballet*, and their old frames shook and their eyes glistened as they beheld the frequenters of the *ballet corps* go through with their dances. The "best society" on the Heights were fully represented on this occasion, as far as the masculines were concerned, and the beauty of it was they staid out the entire performance, although hundreds who came to see the play went away in disgust long before the curtain fell, so miserably was Miss Fisher supported in the drama. As for the orchestra, it was quite a libel on the name. Nothing went right except the flow of greenbacks into the treasury, and that was only for one night, for the house was not half full on Wednesday......The Italian Opera Troupe, under Maretzek, relieved the Fisher *corps dramatique* on Thursday, and they drew a very fair audience, judging by the splendid and fashionable attire of the majority present. The opera was "Il Trovatore." We have heard it before, we believe, somewhere, and the new candidates for operatic favor made their first bow to a Brooklyn assemblage. We have never heard "Trovatore" to better advantage than on this occasion, and we are glad to welcome the advent of such capable artists as those forming this last company of Max'. The *Miserere* was enthusiastically encored, and the new tenor fully established himself in favor of the Brooklynites.

MISS EMILY JORDAN having tired of her equine business in "Mazeppa" at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, retired in favor of a new aspirant to histrionic fame, who wished to gather a crop of laurels. The ambitious one was Utie Clifford. The spectacle of "El Hyder" was produced Sept. 5th, with Emily Jordan as the Warrior King. Emily has found out that she can ride on horseback, and is determined not to hide her accomplishments.

MRS. FANNY MORGAN PHELPS reappeared at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, the middle of September, in a series of her favorite characters. Greenbacks are now taken at par at this theatre for admission tickets, the only place of amusement that does it.

AT MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, San Francisco, Mrs. Perry, at last advices, was playing in horse pieces. She had appeared as Dick Turpin and Margaret Catchpole.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE was at Maguire's Academy of Music, San Francisco, at last accounts, and business, it is said, has increased of late. Mr. W. H. Peakes, the basso of the troupe, was up for a benefit on Sept. 14th. It was Mr. Maguire's intentions to engage the Bianchi's, and give two nights of Italian Opera a week, in order to afford the Richings Troupe a little rest.

MR. CHARLES R. THORNE, JR., took a farewell benefit in San Francisco, Sept. 14th, and the same week sailed for Shanghai, China, in company with Billy O'Neil, Mrs. W. H. Leighton, Mrs. James Stark and Utie Clifford.

MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH was playing at Stockton, Sept. 13th, with Manager Ward's dramatic company. Business had been bad.

MR. JAMES H. TAYLOR arrived in Victoria August 23d, and was warmly received by the people. Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne was expected in Victoria the first of September.

MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS has received from the President a cadetship in the Naval Academy for a very promising young nephew of his.

AT THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE business was excellent with Adams as the star. He was there all last week.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced an engagement of two weeks at Cairo, Ill., Oct. 3d. The Cairo *Daily News*, says:—"The Athenæum was filled last evening with the *elite* of the city, and the performance we consider the best ever given in that theatre. Miss Fanny B. Price personated the childish Fanchon to perfection. Her acting is of that quiet and natural character that is consistant with good sense, but with a depth of feeling that is felt by the audience as if from inspiration. She has the happy tact of exhibiting all the passion without that rant and fuss so common among the mediocre or would be *artistes*. This evening she will appear as Margaret Elmore, supported by Mr. D. Hanchett as Mathew Elmore."

REFULGENT! More refulgent and most refulgent colored fires may be procured in the positive, comparative and superlative degree of W. W. Batchelor, by addressing him as per advertisement elsewhere. His fire is the most fiery, flaming and effective fire ever fired off before a fire admiring public. Let managers try it.

Mr. and Mrs. CHAS. KEAN reached California from Sydney, Australia, Oct. 1st.

Miss LOTTA, the clever little comedienne from California, who is now fulfilling an engagement at Wood's Museum, Chicago, has been engaged for the Tremont Theatre, Boston, and will open there on the 31st inst., for a short term.

Mr. COULDOCK and daughter concluded a two weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 8th, much to the regret of the Rochesterians. His principal pieces were "The Chimney Corner," which Mr. Couldock pronounces one of the finest plays in the English language, "Dot" and "Jesse McLane." ......Miss Anna Waite and Geo. Leake were to commence an engagement on the 10th inst.

PHILADELPHIA is greatly excited over the election which takes place there on the 11th, and amusements may suffer somewhat in consequence this week. There is no change in the stars, the Warren Combination remaining at the Chestnut, Vestvali at the Arch and Charlotte Thompson at the Walnut.

MISS MARY PROVOST is doing a fine business at the St. Louis Theatre, her performance of Robert Brierly, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," meeting with the greatest approbation. She remains at the St. Louis up to the 15th inst., and opens at McVicker's, Chicago, on the 24th.

GROVER'S German Opera Troupe have possession of the Boston Theatre this week, commencing on the 10th with "Martha." On the 11th "Faust" is to be given.

THE dramatic company from the Boston Theatre is at the Providence Academy of Music this week.

JULIUS EICHBERG'S new opera, "A Night in Rome," will shortly be produced at the Boston Museum.

MATILDA HERON commences an engagement at the Howard, Boston, on the 12th inst., opening in a new play, prepared by herself, entitled "The Mysteries of the Temple of Paris."

MISS FANNY B. PRICE has been delighting the citizens of Cairo, Ill., the past two weeks, at the Athenæum. On the 5th inst. she appeared as Parthenia, in "Ingomar," Mr. Hanchett appearing as Ingomar. On the 7th she took her farewell benefit, appearing as Little Barefoot in the drama of that name.

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS takes a benefit at the Boston Museum on the 17th inst. She is to appear in "The Child of the Regiment," singing all the music of the opera: also, in Boucicault's comedy of "Andy Blake."

MR. C. W. CLARKE was to commence an engagement on the 10th inst. at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, opening in "Eucstache Boudin," personating three characters.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter's first engagement in Boston since their return from the Pacific Slope, terminated on the 8th inst., and judging from the tone of the press of that city, their visit there must not only have proved a brilliant one, theatrically speaking, but must have put money in their purse. The following notices are taken from the press of that city:—"McKean Buchanan and Virginia, his daughter, have been well patronized at the Howard recently."—*Herald*, Oct. 9th. "HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—McKean Buchanan and his daughter Virginia concluded their engagement at this house last evening. They have been successful, and leave a most excellent impression on the minds of the public. Miss Buchanan, in an especial manner, has made many friends by her fine acting. We think she has a brilliant future before her."—*Express*, Oct. 9th. "The engagement of Mr. and Miss Buchanan at the Howard Athenæum has terminated. It has been successful in the amount and quality of business accomplished, in the sum secured to the treasury, and in the strength it has given to the local reputation of the performers."—*Gazette*, Oct 8th. On the 24th inst., these stars open at the Walnut, Philadelphia, for three weeks; thence to Pittsburgh, Nov. 14th, for one week; Cleveland, Nov. 21st, two weeks; Toronto, Dec. 26th, for three weeks; Rochester, Jan. 16th, one week; and in May return to Boston, to fulfil another engagement.

ROBERTS appeared as Richard the 3d, on the occasion of his benefit night, at the Norfolk, Va., Opera House. Our correspondent "Thespian" says:—"His personation of the character was received with the approbation it merited, being a genial rendition, infused with the proper spirit, vigorous, true, and complete, with the violent transitions carefully and artistically maintained. On the 3d of October, as Hamlet, he produced a profound impression, invoking sympathy by his pathos, and commendation by the beauty of his soliloquies; his portrayal in the play scene is worthy of especial attention. His crowning success was reserved for his eighth and last night, on the 4th, when he appeared as Sir Giles Overreach, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Every phase of the character was given with the effect that scholarly conception and proper rendering can entail....Mr. Roberts played on the 3d and the 4th, because Mrs. Gladstane was unable, (though engaged to open on the 3d) to arrive here before the 5th, making her appearance that evening as Peg Woffington in Masks and Faces. A large audience greeted the lady, and her success was undoubted. Last evening, (7th) as Lucretia Borgia, she evinced the thorough *artiste*; indeed, the lady possesses a commanding figure, a voice rich, varied, and extensive, and combining a dramatic perception so exact, and a proper conception of her characters that it is not to be doubted she has an exalted position upon the histrionic ladder......The present star concludes her engagement on the 15th; on the 24th, Miss Charlotte Thompson commences a twelve nights engagement as Fanchon, the Cricket.

ZOE has been attracting large audiences to Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, the past week. A correspondent says:—Zoe has created a sensation, and persons are nightly turned away from the box office. People talk of Zoe when they speak of the star, and then comes the query, "have you seen Zoe fight?" Her success here is immense, and the exchequer of Wood's is growing plethoric.

PARTIES out of the city wishing to purchase or hire wardrobe from one suit to the dressing of an entire piece, have an excellent opportunity now offered them by R. W. Williams and Son, who advertise in this and succeeding issues as being prepared to furnish any amount of wardrobe. For further particulars and their address see advertisement in another column.

CECILE RUSH was at the Lexington, Ky., Theatre, last week. She appeared in Masks and Faces," on the 4th inst, and was to play "Deborah" for her benefit on the 7th inst.

LUCILLE WESTERN attracted good houses to Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, last week. This week she produces "East Lynne."

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" continues to be given for the matinee performances each Saturday at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

Mr. CURTIS IRWIN commences an engagement at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., on the 7th inst.

OUR Nashville correspondent, "One of 'Em," writing on the 4th inst. says:—"Once more I am on hand with the news pertaining to the theatres. At the Old Theatre, Miss Helen Western closed a very fine engagement, on the 1st inst., and Miss Mary Mitchell opened last night to a very fine house, in the play of 'Lucretia Borgia,' playing her *role* finely, and was ably supported by the company......At the New Theatre the 'Naiad Queen' drew very fine houses every night. I understand Mr. Allen cleared about $3,500 by the piece. It was gotten up superbly, and the cast was an excellent one. Mr. Roys, as Sir Rupert, was good; Mr. Oates, as Amphibio, was excellent; Mr. Wright, as Schnapps, although funny, did not speak one half of the text, interpolating as he went along, and gaging entirely too much; Mrs. Allen, as the Naiad Queen, looked and acted better than I ever remember having seen her before; Miss Wright, as Idex, played well; her singing is very sweet, and she has a fine voice. A dance, by Miss Nellie Lewis, in the piece, was neatly done. On Monday, the 3d, Miss Avonia Jones opened at this theatre, in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Her Juliet is spoken of very highly by the press of this city. The part of Romeo was played by Mr. Oates. Mr. Roys, as Mercutio, was applauded loudly. Miss Jones' engagement lasts two weeks. She is succeeded by Emily Thorne."

LAURA KEENE AND TROUPE opened at Griswold Hall, Troy, N. Y., on the 3d inst., and continued through the week. "Our American Cousin" was the initial performance. During the week "School for Scandal" and "Love Chase," were performed, and on the 7th, "Nature vs. Art" was given for Miss Keene's benefit.

WE REGRET to learn, just before going to press, that Thomas Thorne, son of Charles Thorne, died in Hong Kong, China, on the 5th of August, of Asiatic cholera, after an illness of only five hours. The Thorne family had recently arrived in Hong Kong, as will be seen by a paragraph elsewhere, and were performing to excellent business. Thomas Thorne was the husband of Alicia Mandeville, who, on the evening preceding her husband's death, was the recipient of a benefit which yielded $1,400 in silver, clear of all expenses. The family are well beloved by the people, who have placed at their disposal a castle about three miles from the city, with thirty servants to attend on them, etc. The rest of the family were well at last advices.

BOGUMIL DAEVISON, one of the greatest actors in Europe (of the Dresden Court Theatre), will come here in April or May, and perform in all the principal cities. He is a great Lear and a great Richard III., and also a fine Narcisse.

Negro Minstrelsy.

S. S. SANFORD'S MINSTRELS were at Titusville, Pa., Oct. 1st, *en route* to Erie, and thence to Canada. The oil'd wellers have turned out pretty lively since Samuel commenced to show among them.

THE CHAMPION CLOG MATCH proposed a few weeks since by Sam Hague, of Utica, may come to pass after all. Hague, when he submitted his proposition, enclosed $50. Since then, Tim Hayes has sent us $50, enclosed in the following letter. A few more champions might make up a very interesting affair of it. Let those who aspire to the honors, send along their proposals:

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 29, 1864.

FRANK QUEEN: As one of the pretentious "hundred champion clog dancers" mentioned in Mr. Hague's letter to you, contained in the CLIPPER of last week, permit me to say that his proposition has my hearty concurrence, and that I shall willingly accede to any final arrangements made by a majority of the competitors for the proposed Champion's Belt. As my engagements will preclude the possibility of joining in the coming contest for at least two months, without great inconvenience, I hope that the great trial may not come off until the beginning of December, when I sincerely trust that a fair and impartial verdict may be rendered by competent judges in favor of him possessing the greatest ability. Enclosed please find fifty dollars, as a preliminary to the solution of this long mooted question. Yours respectfully,

TIM HAYES, Clog and Boot Dancer.

WE HAVE heard from the Christy's (Smith's party), who, at last accounts, were at Hong Kong, China. The best idea we can give our readers of their success is by their bills, of which the following is a copy:—

THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.
SECOND GRAND CONCERT.
This Evening, July 28th, 1864.
New Songs, New Dances, etc., etc., etc.
Annie Lisle, The Coon Hunter, Toll the Bell, and the Phantom Chorus from Sonnambula, Have You Seen Simpson,
The Music Lesson.

Boxes $3, Parterre $3, Pit $2, Private Boxes, containing six chairs, $20.

Doors open at 7¾. Commence at 9.

☞To prevent confusion, gentlemen will be kind enough to take the seats corresponding with the number on their tickets.

It is most respectfully requested that gentlemen will not light or smoke their segars in the lobbies of the theatre.

The Christy's Minstrels, on the off nights of their concerts, will be happy to attend evening or dinner parties, or give private entertainments, if required. For terms, etc., apply to

J. W. SMITH, Director, Oriental Hotel.

HONG KONG, July 27, 1864.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS had an excellent run of business last week in Brooklyn. We were present on the 4th inst., and found the attendance very large, there not being a vacant seat in the house when the curtain rose. The first part went off very well, the singing of Mr. Parkerson and Mr. Herman being very fine. James Budworth was laughable on the end, and contributed considerable to the evening's enjoyment. The Nightingale Polka, by Haslam and the company, was beautifully rendered. The olio business was about the best we have ever seen at Hooley's. Hank Mudge is a capital dancer, and in the Mississippi Fling and Sally Come Up was very good. His performance of the last act was one of the best we have seen for some time. Charley Fox appeared as the Brooklyn Belle, and in a Banjo Solo. He was warmly welcomed, and both of his acts heartily encored. Mr. Donniker played a solo on the violin, with variations, and it was decidedly the feature of the evening. This gentleman is a thorough musician. This week another attractive programme is offered.

MURPHY AND BRAY'S MINSTRELS still hold forth at the American Theatre, San Francisco. The Worrell Sisters and Joe Murphy are still in the company.

A MINSTREL PARTY, with Tommy Peel and Johnny Mason as managers, started from Stockton, California, September 13th, and gave its first performance at San Jose.

THE MORTAL REMAINS of Sam Wells were interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco, September 4th.

G. SEYMOUR is a youth of sweet fifteen, who wishes to learn and see more of the minstrel profesh than he has yet experienced. See what he says in his advertisement.

COOL BURGESS AND HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS were at Toronto, C. W., on the 8th inst., and were billed to appear at Port Hope, C. W., on the 12th; Peterboro 13th and 14th; Port Hope 15th, and Belleville 17th.

"BANJOEROSTATION.—Those who wish to know what that means must apply to J. K. Buckley, as per advertisement.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS appear at the theatre in Worcester, Mass., on the 11th and 12th inst.

EPH HORN has been engaged by Mr. S. Corbyn, for the New Idea, San Francisco, and will sail from New York on the 23d of the present month. At present Ephraim is performing with Morris Brothers Minstrels, in Boston.

ALLINSON & HINCKEN are announced as proprietors of the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, where Moran's Minstrels are now in their sixth week. This week "The Duck's Motto" is to be given. Birch, Purcell and Paine are the balladsingers of the troupe, and Moran and Bowers help to make up a very entertaining programme.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, present a fresh and capital programme the current week, embracing, among other things, a burlesque on the "Peake Family of Bell-Ringers," African Arab Troupe, "Malicious Trespass," winding up with the blowing up of a "Mississippi Cotton Boat."

S. SANFORD'S CORK OPERA TROUPE were billed for Corinthian Hall, Rochester, Wednesday evening, of this week.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON-CLADS occupy Corinthian Hall, Rochester, Friday and Saturday evenings of this present week.

Music Halls.

MONS. ALEXANDER BOLDY, ballet master, comic pantomimist, etc., recently with the Seigrist and Zanfretta ballet troupe, wishes an engagement. His advertisement to that effect will be found in another column.

CHERRY BELLE commenced an engagement at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., on the 10th inst.

MARIETTA RAVEL, the tight rope artist, is at the National, Cincinnati. Lizzie Wood, actress, is also there. The regular company now at this house comprises—G. W. Edeson, H. W. Eagan, James S. Edwards, H. W. Williams, S. Clarke, A. J. Leavitt, J. Parkins, J. Reus, E. Clifford, Master Winter Ravel, Misses Lucie Clifton, Julia Richmond, Nellie Taylor, Julia Yale, Annie Eldridge, Eliza Florence, Jennie Eagan, Minnie Clare, Millie Theodora, etc.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, still moves on at a steady pace, drawing full houses and giving general satisfaction. The only new performer produced last week was Miss Viola Clifton, the balladist, already quite famous in Baltimore.

AT THE NEW CANTERBURY, Baltimore, last week, the comic pantomime of "The House that Jack Built," by W. H. Ashton, was very finely produced and warmly received.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, Md., under the proprietorship of Robert Gardiner, takes rank among the most popular places of amusement in that city. A full and versatile company enact a first class programme nightly, controlled by Abijah Couse, the stage manager. In addition to the present attractive company, for names of whom see advertisement, other talent is sought for by the management.

MISS LIZZIE WERNER rides on John Denier's back nightly at the Canterbury, Washington, as he crosses the house on the tight rope. A correspondent says that "she is much complimented for her nerve and coolness." So she should be, and so should John. We should be very nervous in such a situation, either in playing horse or rider.

THE VARIETIES, Washington, D. C., closed on the 1st inst., and dame rumor has it that Manager Fox, of Philadelphia, is soon to boss the concern.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Washington, D. C., some new people join them this week, vizly., M'lle Sallie, *danseuse*, and Miss Eveline Lehman. D. W. Collins and John Dougherty have left for other scenes.

"THE MODEL VARIETY THEATRE," is the title by which the New Olympic Theatre, Cincinnati, O., is familiarly and popularly known, and for aught we know to the contrary, it is just what it is claimed to be, for they are reputed to have one of the best and most versatile companies in the West, its stage business conducted in *au fait* style by Harry Clifford, its business affairs well looked after by George Fisher, and the whole under the liberal supervision of W. S. Hutchings, the proprietor. To the end that they may always have a good company to perform creditably before a discriminating public, they make overtures to people of talent, and none others, in their advertisement in another column, which *vide*.

LITTLE JENNIE WORRELL was presented Sept. 9th, in San Francisco, with a Maltese Cross, in solid gold, with charm and massive gold chain attached, the gift of Howard Engine Company, No. 3. Jennie is a great favorite in that city, and has volunteered and performed twice for the benefit of that company. Turn about is fair play.

"MAZEPPA" has proved a winning card for Manager Bert of the New Idea, San Francisco. In addition to this attraction, he has a combination of stars, both male and female, including McAndrews, Winship, Ben Cotton, Misses Miles and Morgan, and Tommy Peel.

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT was tendered Manager Bert, of the New Idea, San Francisco, Sept. 13th.

SUTLIFF'S MUSIC HALL is the only place of amusement at present open in Virginia City, N. T.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL is proving herself to be quite an attractive star at the National Theatre, Cincinnati. Her exquisite shape, and graceful and intrepid performances on the tight rope, bring down the house every time. M. W. Hanley, her agent, advertises in this issue.

BILLY BOYD, Ethiopian comedian, has been engaged for the Casino, Philadelphia, where also are performing Hughey Dougherty, Bob Butler, Geo. W. Smith, Geo. Warren, J. Clark Wells, Fred. Shaw, W. H. Henry, J. Williams, Master Bobby, Misses Susie Summerfield, Addie Johnson, Ella De Vere, C. Robinson, Sallie Benner, Millie Killmeyer, Louise Robinson, Maria Jackson, Rosa Lee, Ella Divers, Eliza Clifford, Jennie Belle, Amelia Wells, etc. Jas. Pilgrim continues to manage the stage business.

FRED WARNER, comedian, etc., seeks an engagement by an advertisement in this week's CLIPPER.

TOM POLAND puts in an appearance at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, this week.

NICHOLS' VARIETIES, Grand Rapids, Mich., is now open for the season. Performers in want of engagements are referred to the proprietor's card, in another column.

TALENT, of both sexes, is wanted by Messrs. Conner & Co., of 25 West Houston street, New York, for the dramatic, music hall, and minstrel professions. See advertisement.

GRISWOLD HALL, Troy, N. Y., opens on November 21st. First class artists are wanted for this establishment. See advertisement of Messrs. Conner & Co. in another column.

Circuses.

YANKEE ROBINSON is, beyond question, one of the real live sort of Yankees, as is proven by the way he drives his Big Show from place to place, until he has gone over almost the whole of the western country during the season just closing. His show pleases, evidently, and the *Chatfield, Min., Democrat*, of a recent date, says of it: "Yankee Robinson's Big Show exhibited here on Tuesday last, afternoon and evening, to crowded houses. To say that the 'Big Show' is a success, is but to reiterate the expression of all who visited the exhibition while here. The perfect delineations and superior acting of Yankee Robinson were received with great applause—he is a whole show within himself. The feats of contortion performed by that wonderful man, Don Santiago Gibbonnoise, who has no equal in his line, are almost incredible; he is truly a 'boneless man,' and his acts alone are worth the price of admission. In fact, the acting of the whole company is good, and well worthy the patronage of the public. During the stay of the company here, their conduct was that of gentlemen, and the best of order and good feeling prevailed in and around the canvas. Should this excellent company ever visit us again, they will be cordially received and greeted with crowded seats. We cheerfully recommend Yankee Robinson and his Big Show to the kind consideration of the press and the public wherever he may spread his canvas. 'Stand down the hall.'" The Yankee has made money this season, and he has recently bought a farm of 400 acres in Rice County, Minnesota Territory, and were it not that his son Silas is dangerously sick, he might rejoice with exceeding great joy at his prosperity. The Big Show was at St. Paul on the 28th ult., and showed twice to full houses. On the 3d inst., it was to be at Hastings, thence go to Red Wing, Lake City, Wabashaw, Mineiska, Winona, Lacrosse, Sparta, Richland Centre, Plattville, Dubuque, Galena, Elizabeth, Mount Carroll, Lyons, Dewitt, Davenport, and then disband.

THE ROLLANDE BROTHERS, with William Duverna, have an excellent reputation as gymnasts and acrobatic artists. That, we presume, is what they wish to be understood by their advertisement in another column, which is full of jaw-breaking words and "highfalutin lingo." Also, because of their reputation, and because of their ability to attract, amuse, and astonish the people by their unrivalled contortions and aerial demonstrations, they wish to be engaged by some enterprising manager, so that they may put money in his purse, as well as a large share of the liquidating saponaceous medium in theirs.

VAN AMBURGH & CO'S MENAGERIE exhibits at Arlington, Vt., 10th; Hoosic Falls, N. Y., 11th; Schaghticoke, 12th; Schuylerville, 13th; Saratoga Springs, 14th; and Galway, 15th of Oct. The people continue to pour out in immense throngs to see the giraffe and the other "critters" comprised in the collection. During the week ending Oct. 1st, the Menagerie showed fourteen times.

SPALDING & ROGERS' OCEAN CIRCUS was to show in Chicago, Ill., on the 6th, 7th and 8th, and probably there and then close the season. The "Family Steam Carriage" has proved a big card for the Circo Grande Oceanico, people coming from every direction to see it, and then going—right home again. Nice people.

HARRY WHITBY says the National Circus Company has been using his own name, and the name of his family, without authority, as he is in no way connected with the concern. See his card among our advertisements.

MR. HENRY COOKE, with his performing dogs and monkeys, will be disengaged after the 23d of the present month, and is prepared to negotiate for other engagements for the winter season, previous to his return to Europe. See advertisement.

MESSRS. THAYER & NOYES, of the United States Circus, are erecting a large amphitheatre in Washington for the winter, which will open on or about Nov. 1st. Doctor Thayer is at present in that city superintending the work.

Miscellaneous.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and Wm. Hayward were at Santa Cruz, Cal., Sept. 7th; San Juan, 9th; and on the 12th were to be at San Jose.

MCMURTY'S Indian Show and Amphitheatre is traveling on the Wabash Canal, intending to go the entire length from Toledo to Evansville, Ind. During the present week the company will ship to Western Pennsylvania, and after a tour of two weeks on the wagons will close the season at Meadville, Pa., about the 26th of Oct. On the 10th inst they were to be at Terre Haute, Ind.

M. VERRECKE took a benefit Oct. 1st, at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E. The French company appeared in a dramatic performance, and Sig. Farini put in an appearance.

CHASE & NEWCOMB'S Museum of Art is visiting the principal cities and towns of New England, meeting with success.

THE ELLINGER & FOOTE party exhibit in Brooklyn all this week.

M. JOHN DENIER is making for himself a first class reputation as a tight-rope artist and ascensionist, and should his popularity continue to increase in the same ratio as in the past, his star will soon shine as refulgently as that of Blondin. He is a base denier who denies to Denier his hard-earned reputation. He is now performing at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C. Managers should con his "ad." in another column.

C. A. LEWIS, who, on his programmes, is pronounced "the Champion Rope Performer of the World," and "challenges any man in the sum of $1000 to compete with him" in the tie-up rope feat, was in Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 3d and 4th, giving gift entertainments and things.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," etc., is a trite adage and a true one; therefore, when young men seek to become accomplished in "the divine art," they have our approval, and among them we take pleasure in naming E. C. Ballard, of Portland, who, in a card in another column, seeks a tutor to help him develop his bumps of time and tune.

LECTURERS AND CONCERT PARTIES travelling between New York and Boston should glance at the list of halls given in our advertising columns.

HERR DRIESBACH, the wild beast tamer, is quietly enjoying himself on his farm at Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio; his latch string is outside, and he will be glad to see any of the show folks who may be travelling that way, and share with them his apples, pork and sourkraut. He is a whole-souled Herr.

THE PARLOR OPERA, from Apollo Gardens, Boston, was at Worcester, Mass., three nights last week, but was not liberally patronised.

LA RUE'S War Show was at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., last week. The Show, together with Whiston's oddities, gave the manager crowded houses.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE continue to operate in the principal towns of the West. At Dayton, Hamilton and Covington, last week, business was very good. On the 6th, 7th and 8th, they performed at the New Opera House, Columbus, Ohio. This is the only Company, except an Opera Troupe, that has been able to get the Opera House. This Troupe was billed for Newark, Ohio, 10th and 11th, and thence to Cleveland, remaining until the 15th.

"JAS. HEYWOOD'S New York Mastodon Show" is the mammoth title of a troupe of vocalists, violinists, harpists, boneists, etc., now in the Eastern country. They show in South Brookfield, Mass., Oct. 10th; West Brookfield, 11th; North Brookfield, 12th; Fiskedale, 13th; and Barre, 14th and 15th.

EVANS AND MAZZONI'S TROUPE appear at Schenectady, N. Y., on the 10th inst., and remain three days; thence to Utica on the 13th for three days, Watertown, 17th, for three days, and Oswego, 20th, for three days. C. Amory Bruce is agent.

THE HUTCHINSONS were at Rochester on the 10th.

AMUSEMENTS.

MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN is at the Assembly Building, Philadelphia, where she is engaged in relating her startling adventures as a spy in the Union service.

THE PAGE BROTHERS were announced to give a concert at Montpelier, Vt., on the 11th inst. They intend visiting all the towns in Washington County in Vermont this season.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave their regular weekly performance on the 5th inst. to a full house, composed mostly of ladies. The bill for the evening was "Toodles" and "Box and Cox." Mr. J. Wallace, stage manager, was excellent as Charles Fenton; Farmer Acorn, by Mr. W. S. Dye, was played very well, but looked most too young. The part of George Acorn was intrusted to Chas. Stewart, and he performed it creditably. Mr. Toodles, by Mr. T. M. Macr, was very good, and in the second act he made some capital hits, and elicited much applause. The small part of Lawyer Glib, was performed by Mr. Harrison, and was quite amusing. Mrs. Toodles, by Miss Campbell, and Mary Acorn, by Miss Western, could not have been better. In the afterpiece, Messrs. Huldah and Brooks were immense, and kept the audience in a continued roar of laughter. These gentlemen deserve great credit for the able manner in which they performed their respective parts. Wednesday evening, Oct. 12th, will be performed "Jonathan Bradford" and "Loan of a Lover."

CARD.—ED. CLIP.: Having noticed an article in your paper of Oct. the 8th, under Amateurs, stating that the Edwin Forrest Dramatic Association was no longer in existence, I would state that the Association is still living, and intend opening a new hall on or about the 1st of December. The reason they have not played this season is owing to the fact that they furnished nearly a full company of 100 days' men, and are only waiting for their return, to commence again, when I shall give you full particulars. The officers are as follows: R. Mortimer, President; T. Mortimer, Treasurer; and C. Mortimer, Secretary. VAPID.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7th, 1864.

AMUSEMENTS.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
199 and 201 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
STILL ANOTHER GREAT CHANGE.
MORE NEW FEATURES.
This week, first time of
WHO'LL TAKE THE CUP,
THE SMOTHERED ONION,
ZOUAVE JOHNNY,
New version of
HOOP DE DOODEN DOO,
By LITTLE WILLIE GRAY.
Immense success of CHARLEY AUSTIN'S
ZOUAVE DRILL,
and
CLIFFORD'S MISSISSIPPI FLING.
FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14th,
Testimonial Benefit to FRANK EDWARDS, Treasurer.
On which occasion a Great Bill will be offered.
Tickets 25 cents to all parts of the house. 27

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager..........WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 10, 1864,
EDWIN FORREST,
(first time this season,)
in his great origenal character of
JACK CADE,
In Judge Conrad's powerful Romantic Tragedy of the same name, supported by the entire Company.
ON TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 11.
EDWIN FORREST.
The Management, in consequence of other arrangements, is obliged to announce
THE FAREWELL NIGHTS OF THE DUKE'S MOTTO.
It will be performed on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 12,
Being positively its last night but One.
PRICES.—Admission, 75 cents; secured seats in Parquet Stalls and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 30 cents; Private Boxes, $8 and $10. Seats secured six days in advance. 27

VARIETIES,
37 AND 39 BOWERY.
W. V. DE WULBEKE..........Sole Proprietor
W. T. DULANY..........Acting and Stage Manager
The following comprise the names now engaged at this popular establishment:
A. M. HERNANDEZ,
MONS. DE LAVE,
MASTER WILLIE DE LAVE,
GEORGE MANKIN,
W. T. DULANY,
JAKE WALLACE,
BILLY BLAIR,
LARRY TOOLEY,
BILLY HOLMES,
MLLE. FRANCIS HERNANDEZ,
MLLE LEONARD,
AUGUSTA WALBY,
VIRO FARLAND.
STARS wishing two or four nights will be treated with on the most liberal terms by applying to JAMES CONNER & CO.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY—FIFTY LADIES FOR THE BALLET. Apply to the Stage Manager from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M. 27-2t

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION.
PRESENTATION CONCERTS.
FIFTH CONCERT.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 15th.
TICKETS ONE DOLLAR.
A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT
given with each ticket,
AT TIME OF PURCHASE.
Office for the sale of tickets,
Nos. 542 and 544 BROADWAY,
where the presents are distributed from the
STOCK OF MAGNIFICENT JEWELRY, PIANOS, SEWING MACHINES, DIAMONDS, GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, &c., &c., &c.
A GIFT FOR ALL.
PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY.
THE MOST POPULAR CONCERTS EVER GIVEN.
THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS
are engaged, and the
PROGRAMME
will comprise the
MOST BRILLIANT OPERATIC SELECTIONS,
Ballads, Duetts, &c., &c.
Each ticket purchaser receives
A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.
All are satisfied.
SUCH INDUCEMENTS
were never before offered to the public.
A TICKET FOR A FIRST CLASS CONCERT, AND A PRESENT,
worth from one to
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS,
given
for
ONE DOLLAR.
542 and 544 BROADWAY.
27-1t* E. H. ELIAS, Actuary.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON,
Opposite the Academy of Music, 14th st.
THIS MONDAY EVENING,
October 10th, at 8,
STARTLING NOVELTIES.
FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON,
of the famed
EATON STONE,
THE WILD HORSEMAN.
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
M. BAPTISTE,
THE WONDERFUL MAN MONKEY.
MARIETTA ZANFRETTA,
IN A NEW ACT.
YOUNG NICOLO,
ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
WITH THIRTY OTHER
GREAT ARTISTS.
GRAND MATINEE
ON WEDNESDAY, AT 2½ O'CLOCK.

WINTER GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager..........W. STUART.
Stage Manager..........J. G. HANLY.
NINTH WEEK
OF
MR. J. S. CLARKE.
A continuation of houses crowded from parquet to dome evidence his grand success in the revival of the most amusing of all Shakespeare's creations, the glorious
COMEDY OF ERRORS,
produced with a uniform excellence of costume, scenery and appointments not heretofore attempted on the New York stage.
Mr. Clarke will also appear as Paul Patent, a new role, in a dashing petite Comedy, called
LOVE IN LIVERY.
To meet the wishes of those who have not yet seen Mr. Clarke in his immensely popular comic roles of De Boots and Toodles, he will appear in those characters on Friday next and each Friday during his limited engagement.
Saturday, twelfth night of the
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
Doors open at 7¼; commence at 7¾. 27

BANJOEROSTATION.—We guarantee the Pupil to learn perfectly the art of playing the Banjo in one course of lessons, by our new method, for $5. Ladies taught.
27-2t* J. K. BUCKLEY & BRO., 209 Thompson st.

THEATRICAL WIGS, Character and Comic. Also, MINSTREL WIGS, FRIGHT WIGS, BEARDS, CURLS, SKULL CAPS, etc. Large assortment on hand.
☞ BRONZE MEDAL obtained in Paris, 1855, for BEST THEATRICAL WIGS exhibited. ☜
Goods sent to all parts of the Union.
PAUL DE SPOTTE, Theatrical Wig Maker,
27-2t* 15 West Houston St., N. Y.

NICHOLS' VARIETIES,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.
PROF. T. W. NICHOLS..........Lessee and Proprietor.
[illegible] CAMPBELL..........Stage Manager.
NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS.
OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
Performers in every branch of the profession can always secure good engagements by addressing as above. First class Stars liberally treated with. 27-2t*

GOOD JOKE ON ABE.
FUNNIEST THING YET.
[illegible] 25 cents to
ANCE WOOD,
[illegible] will receive six of the
U. S. MINSTREL PROGRAMMES.
[illegible] care of N. Y. CLIPPER. 27-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 BROADWAY (opposite Niblo's).
MONDAY, OCTOBER 10th, and following evenings.
HELLER is so successful, that—
HELLER will continue his deeds: for
HELLER sees no reason why—
HELLER should change his programme, when—
HELLER is crowded nightly. It is—
HELLER of whom every one talks, and—
HELLER who is on every one's lips.
HELLER is great in magic, and—
HELLER is as great in music; which—
HELLER demonstrates to you, if
HELLER you visit any evening, or
HELLER 'S Matinee on Saturday.
HELLER will have something new, when
HELLER has completed it by and bye.
Really the last Six Nights
of the
FUNNY WOOD MINSTRELS.
THE MEPHISTOPHELIAN SURPRISE
On MONDAY, the 17th.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY, 15th, at 3, P. M.
Doors open every evening, at 7½; Commence at 8.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
the SIXTH WEEK of whose triumphant engagement has been marked with
THE LARGEST AUDIENCES
EVER IN THIS THEATRE,
will appear
FOR ANOTHER WEEK,
(The Seventh,)
COMMENCING OCTOBER 10th,
AS SOLON SHINGLE,
IN
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER,
AND
JOSHUA BUTTERBY,
IN TOM TAYLOR'S CHARMING COMEDY,
VICTIMS.
☞ Public attention is called to the PROBABLE WITHDRAWAL of these two great triumphs of Mr. Owens, and his appearance in two new characters closely identified with his fame. ☜
☞ NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
A CARD.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
The rush to the enjoyment of MR. JOHN E. OWENS' remarkable performances, is so largely in excess of the capacity of the house, that throngs are unavoidably disappointed each night, and leave the Theatre unable to find
EVEN STANDING ROOM.
☞ ALL OF THE ORCHESTRA CHAIRS ☜
and upwards of one-third of the Dress Circle Seats,
ARE USUALLY SOLD BEFORE 4 P. M. EACH DAY,
and the remaining seats are found to be all too few for the accommodation of the vast crowds which nightly besiege the box office, and block up the entrance to the theatre.
Under these well known circumstances, parties desirous of seeing our great comedian, and of securing themselves against all disappointment, are respectfully urged to
RESERVE THEIR SEATS IN ADVANCE.
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 10th,
SEVENTH WEEK
of the splendid engagement of
JOHN E. OWENS.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor..........MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager..........MR. N. B. CLARKE.
First Nights of
MR. J. B. HOWE'S
Entirely New Drama, entitled
BESSY WILD,
THE THIEF-TAKER'S DAUGHTER,
Containing New and Thrilling Incidents
in the Eventful Career of the Notorious
JACK SHEPPARD,
and his celebrated Pal and Tutor,
BLUESKIN,
Replete with New Scenery,
New Mechanical Effects,
Startling Incidents,
and
Powerful Cast of Characters. 27

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Commences at 7¾.
"AN EVENING WITH DICKENS."
GREAT SUCCESS
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MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT,
adapted expressly for the Olympic
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SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.
MRS. JOHN WOOD AS A TIGER.
OH! OH!! OH!!!
A VERY DREADFUL MURDER
with a real stick.
POLICE! POLICE!! POLICE!!!
SOME ACTORS IN TWO PARTS.
ALL THE ACTORS IN ONE PIECE.
GENUINE MERRIMENT
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ROARS OF LAUGHTER
EVERY NIGHT ONLY.

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Lessee, Director, and Manager..........G. L. FOX.
The popular and versatile New York Actress,
MISS FANNY HERRING,
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A LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS,
and will appear in the celebrated character of
LYSIAH,
THE ABANDONED,
in a grand Tragic Drama, translated from the German by
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NEW SCENERY,
NEW DRESSES,
NEW EFFECTS,
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MR. G. L. FOX and his full Pantomime Troupe.
A MOST LAUGHABLE AFTERPIECE.

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ROBERT GARDINER..........Proprietor
Abijah Couse..........Stage Manager
John D. Stull..........Business and Advertising Agent
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of the city, and now the
BEST CONDUCTED ESTABLISHMENT OPEN.
The immense crowds who nightly visit it are an evidence of
THE FAVORITE PLACE FOR AMUSEMENT SEEKERS
of Baltimore and vicinity.
In the brilliant combination of artists that delight the patrons of the MELODEON will be found the following Ladies and Gentlemen, who have all been acknowledged as
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MISS VIOLA CLIFTON, Queen of Song.
MISS NELLIE EDWARDS, Vocalist and Yankee Comedienne.
NELLIE GRAY, Danseuse and Pantomimist.
FANNY CHAPMAN, Danseuse.
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MAGGIE VERNON, Danseuse, etc.
In addition to a CORPS DE BALLET of twelve Beautiful Young Ladies.
MISS LETTIE CHANDLER,
the gifted young Actress, is now performing a brilliant engagement at the Melodeon, as also
MR. TOM VANCE, The Local Comic Singer of the Day.
Stars in the Music Hall, in Sensation Dramatic Specialities, can arrange good terms by addressing as above. 27-4t

FRANK B. CONVERSE'S REPLY.—Expecting an answer to my challenge, and being desirous of avoiding a lengthened newspaper controversy, I called at the office of the CLIPPER on the afternoon of the 8th inst., and through the kindness of Mr. Frank Queen was permitted to peruse an article purporting to be a reply to my card of the 3d inst., but in reality only an attempt to evade an honest judgment in a contest for actual merit; for by reference to my card, the Dobson Brothers will find it not a challenge to compete for superiority in writing calumnious or grammatical newspaper cards, nor banjo playing calculated to please only the untutored ear and uncultivated taste of those who admire without being able to detect, particularly in rapid passages, false or discordant notes, wrong harmony, bad time, etc., but to test the ability of men who claim to be professors and teachers of said (universally acknowledged to be musical) instrument. By referring to the card of the Dobson Brothers, it will be readily seen that while they ignore music and musicians, they make no statement as to who are competent judges of the instrument, but still the very points upon which they rest their decision could only be decided by a thorough musician, and not by one who claims to be a banjo player and is not a musician. I consider the banjo a musical instrument, and I shall continue to assert and maintain its rights as such until it is proven to the contrary by the Dobson Brothers. In regard to the number of tunes to be played in the proposed match, I object to a limit, because a greater number than ten may possibly be necessary to display the entire capabilities of the instrument. I still adhere to my original proposition as to the amount of the wager (one to five thousand dollars), for the simple reason that I think the defeated party should lose something. They seem to have taken a contrary view upon this point, for, as will be seen by their card, they want to make it a sure thing for themselves by placing the amount of the wager at a small figure, and dividing the receipts of the house, knowing that if they lose the contest, the one half receipts will more than reimburse them and put money in their purse. As an objection is raised to my proposed disposition of the receipts, and as I emphatically refuse to join in a copartnership of the proposed kind to make money, I will slightly alter my original proposition concerning this point, and in its stead propose that the gross receipts be either devoted to the establishment of a minstrel fund, or given to the winning man. The public's obedient servant,
27 FRANK B. CONVERSE.

GRISWOLD HALL, Troy, N. Y.,
WM. VANARNUM, Proprietor.
This Theatre will open Nov. 21st. FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS with Wardrobe, will address
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Stars liberally treated with. 27-1t

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Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c..........HENRY WOOD.
IMMENSE SUCCESS. CROWDED HOUSES.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 10,
and every evening during the week,
DEAF AS A POST,
THE CONSCRIPTS,
RUNNING THE BLOCKADE,
THE ECHO,
THE MILLER AND HIS MEN,
COMIC BANJO SOLOS,
SONGS, DANCES,
THE BLACK BRIGADE,
&c., &c.
Doors open at a quarter to 7; Commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
TICKETS 30 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 27

A CARD
TO MR. FRANK B. CONVERSE.
REPLY TO HIS CHALLENGE.
The undignified, ungrammatical, malignant, indecent, false and libellous language which characterizes the card of Mr. FRANK B. CONVERSE published in the CLIPPER of the 8th instant, precludes the possibility of a direct reply to the propositions therein enunciated, as we have too much respect for public sentiment and for our own position in society, to indulge in epithets which have their origin in brothel houses, even to gratify the promptings of a waning popularity. We have never been accustomed to low associations, and therefore have neither the capacity nor the inclination to select our diction from the vocabulary of filth from which Mr Converse seems to have derived his inspiration. We have, we think, an artistic fame quite as extensive as his own, and we believe the reputation which we have honestly acquired will be best subserved by eschewing slime on all occasions, and treating gentlemen with the courtesy due to them. With reference to his challenge, we take pleasure in stating that we shall be most happy to meet him in a trial of skill, but not exactly upon the terms which he prescribes. The banjo is a peculiar instrument; one not subject to the ordinary rules of criticism; a man, therefore, who was merely a musician, though ever so skillful upon the piano or violin, and knowing nothing or very little about the banjo, would be but an indifferent judge to decide upon the merits of two performers upon the latter instrument. Instead of Professors of music, choose two or four competent judges of banjo playing, and they, if necessary, a referee, similarly qualified, whose decision shall be final, and let harmony, volume, resonance of sound, rapidity of execution, precision of touch, celerity of runs and unique combinations constitute the standard of superiority, and we will deputise Mr. Charles E. Dobson to represent our family, and play you on any afternoon you may name, at one of the first-class Broadway Theatres, for Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars a side, one hundred of which to be placed in the hands of the Editor of the CLIPPER at once, and the receipts and expenses of the house to be shared equally between us, and the winner to make such disposition of the money as shall seem proper to himself, and ten tunes or pieces to comprise the limits of each man's performance.
CHARLES E. DOBSON,
GEO. C. DOBSON,
HENRY C. DOBSON,
FRANK P. DOBSON.
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27-tf 420 Broome street, N. Y.

A CARD.—The National Circus Co., recently performing in Brooklyn, have been using my name and that of my family as performing with them. This is a base fraud and falsehood, as I have no connection whatever with them, and wish by this means to expose them. HARRY WHITBY.
Lancaster, Ohio, October 8th. 27-1t*

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BY FRANK B. CONVERSE.
Refers by permission to the following music dealers: Wm. Hall & Son, 543 Broadway; W. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway; S. T. Gordon, 538 Broadway; and the Minstrel profession generally. Instruction rooms at No. 551 Broadway, up stairs. 27-1t

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PERFORMING DOGS AND MONKEYS,
will be disengaged on the 23d of October, and will then be open for Winter engagements previous to his return to Europe.
Address HENRY COOKE,
Care Mrs. Irvins, No. 101 East Nineteenth st., Third avenue,
27-1t New York.

TO THE PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC.
NOTICE.
Having disposed of my interest in the Concert Saloon, 37 Bowery, known as the Varieties, I, from this date, cease all connection with it. JOHN F. POOLE.
New York, Oct. 5th, 1864.
HAVING RESUMED MY PEN, all letters should be addressed and all personal applications made to me at my residence, 119 FIRST street, N. Y. 27-1t*

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$8.000 WERE ORIGINALLY PAID for the world-renowned pictures of the famous Julio Romano, in illustration of the "The Thirty-six Modes of ——." An American gentleman, now in the Army, having caused a limited number of copies, thirty-six vignettes in each sett, to be engraved and colored for private circulation, by the best artists in Paris, and a few remaining on hand, any person desiring to secure setts of these exquisite gems of voluptuous art, equal to miniatures upon ivory, can do so by remitting the cost price, THREE DOLLARS, to MORTIMER GRAY, Station D, New York Post Office. As these works were not made for sale, and the plates having been destroyed, immediate application must be made to secure a sett, for which $50 has been more than once offered and refused. 27-1t*

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE Club meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

To Correspondents.

A. KERR, Glasgow, Scotland.—Letter received. Will forward book by return steamer.

G. W. FOSTER, Sherman, N. Y.—Your solution not yet come to hand.

DRAUGHT EDITOR *Weekly News*, Dundee, Scotland.—Have written you, and enclosed game with correction. The best will overlook a simple move.

THE PURSER of steamship Britannia will please accept our thanks for past favors.

Solution of Position No. 24. Vol. XII.

BY A. J. F.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..25 to 30	28 to 19	3..25 to 21	1 to 10
2..30 25	4 11	4..21	18, and wins.

Solution of Drummond's 33d Position.*

(Third Edition.)

Black.		White.	
1..11 to	16	20 to	11
2..15	19	23	16
3..6	15, and draws.		

* Incorrectly given as 32d.

Game No. 29—Vol. XII.

TWENTY-NINTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Wylie, Black.		Martins, White.		Wylie, Black.		Martins, White.	
1..11 to	15	24 to	19	11..11 to	18	21 to	17
2..15	24	27	20	12..14	21	23	5
3..9	14(a)	22	18	13..8	11	27	23
4..5	9	28	24	14..6	9	23	18
5..8	11	24	19	15..9	13	25	22
6..3	8	32	28	16..2	6	26	23
7..11	16	20	11	17..6	9	29	25
8..8	24	28	19	18..10	14	19	15
9..4	8	31(b)	27	19..11	16	15	10
10..7	11	18	15	20..14	17, Wylie won.		

(a) The variation. Sturges plays 8 to 11 instead of this.
(b) The losing move.

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
3..8	11	29	25
4..10	14	24	19
5..11	16	28	24

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
1..11 to	15	23 to	19
2..8	11	22	17
3..4	8	25	22
4..9	13		

Position No. 25, Vol. XII.
BY JAMES WYLIE.
BLACK.

WHITE.
Black to move and win.

The 34th Position of DRUMMOND. (3d edition.)
BLACK.

WHITE.
Black to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—Letters, ans. to C. C. B.'s critique, and last new Prob. to hand all right. Now as you've sent us your "*last* official act, as a Bachelor," maybe you'll "complete the square" by furnishing us with an equally satisfactory diagram of your *first* official act as a Benedick, eh? Those games,—"if we want 'em"—why we'll be under special obligations for all and several of them, from one to the whole series. More next time.

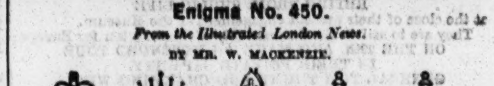
C. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—T. M. D. has sent us a new diagram of No. 440, and it proves correct in every particular. In answer to your 5th move for Black, or anything else (but that he gives him), White 6, Q to B 4 compelling self mate next move. In the same chess-like spirit of friendly emulation in which they are tendered, your compliments are accepted. Remittance to hand and diagrams are forwarded.

G. E. C., Tarrytown.—T. M. B. wishes to know whether you have yet solved your problem with his new stipulation.

CHESS IN BRISTOL.—The Bristol (Eng.) Chess Club recently had a high holiday, a holi-week rather, with all the Caissan concomitants of grand and minor tourney, consultation matches, and that always entertaining feat—one champion-player vs. numerous weaker brethren simultaneously. On this occasion, Herr Loewenthal encountered thirteen players, including the well-known amateurs, Messrs. Meeker, D. Vines and Rev. R. Pierpoint. Two games were left incomplete; Herr L. drew 3, lost 3, and won 5. Board No. 3 was presided over by Mrs. Meeker, who received a Kt, and drew her game. "This lady plays an admirable game, and proved herself a worthy antagonist. The opening was well played and the game stubbornly contested on both sides, with a result (against such a competitor) highly creditable to the fair combatant." Herr L.'s well-known courtesy and gallantry will, of course, lead him to give us this *partie*. The long-tried and well-proved veteran, Mr. Withers, aided the festivities with all his skill and enthusiasm, as did Mr. Kenny, Mr. Hampton and many others. The meeting was a most delightful and brilliant success—as, indeed, what else would Bristol amateurs have?

Enigma No. 450.

From the Illustrated London News.
BY MR. W. MACKENZIE.



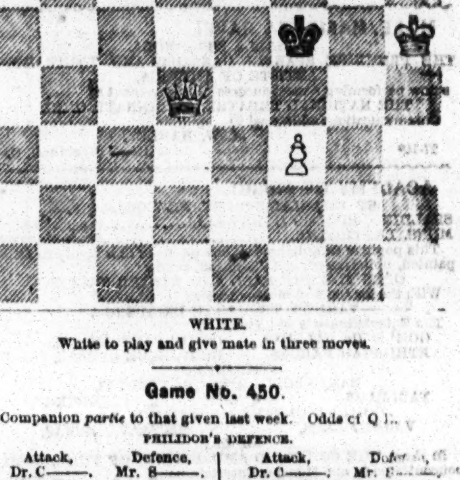
at Q R 8, K R 3, K Kt 8, K B 4, K Kt 6th.

at Q B sq, K 2, Q R 5, Q B 2, Q 2, K B 4, K Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 450.

BY LOUIS GOLDSMID.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 450.

Companion *partie* to that given last week. Odds of Q [illegible]
PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Dr. C——.	Defence, Mr. S——.	Attack, Dr. C——.	Defence, Mr. S——.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q Bto R 4 (b)	K B [illegible]
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	15..Kt P × B	B-Q [illegible]
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	16..P-K 5 (a)	K Kt-[illegible]
4..Q × Q 2d P	Q B-Q 2	17..Q-K B 4	P-K [illegible] (c)
5..Q B-K 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..Q-K Kt 4	Q-her 2
6..Q-her 2	K Kt-B 3	19..K R-B 5	P-K B 3 (d)
7..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-K 4	20..K B × Kt	B P × P (*)
8..K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt	21..Q B × P	K B × P
9..Castles	K B-K 2	22..B × R P dis	K-his B sq
10..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5	23..K B × R (e)	R-K Kt sq
11..P-K B 4	K P × P	24..Q B × Q	Q R × Q
12..Q B × P	Castles	25..K B × R, and the Defence resigns.	
13..Q B-Kt 5	P-K R 3		

(a) There is a singular similarity throughout between this and last week's *partie*. The first half of each are almost identical, the order a little changed.
(b) B takes K Kt was the best move.
(c) Q to her 4th would have been a better move.
(d) Had he played 19..P to K R 4th, then thus:—
19.. P to K R 4 | 21..B × Kt P +, and gives mate
20..K B × Kt B P × Q | in three moves.
(e) The Attack must now win the *partie* by force.
(*) For Bishop to take Bishop was to lose his Queen.

An admirable and instructive sequel to our recent *partie* at P and move. Herr von Heydebrand gives Mr. Allix the odds of P and two moves.—*Ill. Lon. News.*

Mr. Allix.	Von H.	Mr. Allix.	Von H.
1..P to K 4		13..P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 4
2..P-Q 4	P to K 3	14..K B-K 4	K Kt × B
3..K B-Q 3	P-Q B 3	15..B P × Kt	K B-Kt 4
4..P-Q B 4 (f)	K B-Kt 5 +	16..K Kt-B 4	K P × P
5..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-K 2	17..B P × P	Q-her K 2 (h)
6..K Kt-K 2	Castles	18..K-his R sq	Q × K P
7..Castles	P-Q 4	19..Q R-K sq	Q-her Kt 3
8..Q-her B 2	P × K P	20..B × Kt P (i)	K B × Kt
9..Q Kt × P (g)	K Kt-B 4	21..B × R P +	K-his R sq
10..P-Q R 3	K B-K 2	22..Q R × Kt	Q B-Kt [illegible]
11..Q B-K 3	Q Kt-Q 2	23..Q R-K 7 (j)	Q-her 5
12..Q Kt-Kt 3	P-K Kt 3	24..B-K Kt 7	Succumbs.

(f) P to K 5th is a much better move at this point.
(g) From the power and favorable disposition of his pieces now in action, Mr. Allix is enabled to prosecute his attack with great advantage.
(h) Threatening to take the Knight for nothing.
(i) Bold, but sound and well conceived. [This is the style and spirit that speedily overcomes such odds.—ED.]
(j) Leaving the Defence no possibility of extricating himself.

HIGHLAND LOGIC.—A contractor in the Highlands was waited upon by a deputation from his workers, to request him to make "no a pit o' difference in the wages, but shust a wee shynge in the time for paying." On cross questioning the deputies, he found they wanted to be paid weekly instead of fortnightly, but they also wanted the fortnight's wages weekly. "Why, my lads," said the contractor, "you are demanding exactly double wages." "Hoots, no, sir!" said one of the deputies, "it's shust as more as less as the same wedges, put you must shust paid us twice as faster as evermore."

THE TWO DEACONS.—Deacon Brown and Deacon Clapp called, in the course of their parochial duty, upon a young and interesting lady of their flock, who was confined to her bed and room by severe illness. Having been conducted by the young lady's mother to her apartment, both deacons asked sundry and divers questions. At length Deacon Brown said: "Deacon Clapp, will you lead in prayer?" "No, Brother Brown," he replied, "I will hear you first, if you are willing." Brown was willing, and the twain kneeled down. Deacon Clapp, in the meantime, had kneeled in front of a wash and looking-stand, and to pass away the time, took up a comb and brush, and during the exercise proceeded to comb and brush his hair. Ill as she was, the poor invalid said it was as much as she could possibly do to avoid "laughing out in meeting."

SHAKESPEAREAN.—"All's well that ends well," as the gentleman said when he wrote the postscript to his letter. "Measure for measure," as the chemist said when he took a bad sixpence for a black draught. "As you like it," as the servant said when he drank his master's grog. "A winter's tale," as the churchwarden said when the pauper asked for some coals.

DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS.—Fall In—To good ways and habits, which will be likely to conduce to your benefit. Attention—To your own business, and never mind other peoples'. Right Face—Manfully your duty, and don't be glad of a petty excuse for shirking it. Quick March—From a temptation to do anything which is mean or unmanly. Halt—When conscience tells you that you are not doing as you would like to be done by. Right about Face—From dishonesty and falsehood. Present Arms—Cheerfully, when your wife asks you to carry the baby for her. Break Off—Bad habits, and everything which is likely to retard your advancement in the world.

CAN'T BE DECENT.—A story is told by a distinguished sculptor of the cool reception which his mother gave to his first attempt at the plastic art. It was a figure of a woman looking out upon the sea, as if trying to get a glimpse of the vessel that contained her sailor husband. The figure was scarcely demi-draped about the neck—which seems to have been the only point which struck the good lady's attention. "Well, what do you think of her?" asked the eager expectant of a mother's praise. "I think," said the matron, with decision, "that no *decent* woman would be seen out of doors in such a *plight*."

A COUPLE OF TWINS.—An Irishman being asked which was eldest, he or his brother? "I am eldest," said he; "but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall both be of an age."

WORSE STILL.—A lazy, over-fed lad returning from dinner to his work one day, was asked by his master "if he had no other motion than that?" "Yes," replied the youth, drawing out each letter, "but it's a little slower."

MOCK TURTLE.—Calling a husband "my dear" in public, and "you brute" in private.

A SHARP HIT.—At a recent railroad dinner, in compliment to the legal fraternity, the toast was given—"An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God;" but an old farmer in the back part of the hall rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a louder voice, "And about the scarcest."

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the New York Clipper, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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No. 29 Spruce street, N. Y.

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LAST WEEK BUT ONE
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GRAND TOM THUMB COMBINATION.
The present will be
THE LAST OPPORTUNITY
OF WITNESSING THESE LILIPUTIAN WONDERS, as
GENERAL TOM THUMB AND WIFE
RETIRE FROM PUBLIC LIFE
at the close of their present engagement at the Museum.
They are to sail in the Steamer City of Washington for Europe
ON THE 29th, AND MAKE AN EXTENDED TOUR
IN THEIR PRIVATE CAPACITY.
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COM. NUTT AND MISS MINNIE WARREN
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AFTERNOON, AT 3,
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THE TOM THUMB COMBINATION,
LOAN OF A LOVER.
EVENING, AT 7½.
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TONY DENIER IN TRIPES MIRACULUM.
M. DECHALUMEAUX.
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LA BELLA ESPAGNOLA.
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ARTISTE OF AMERICA,
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27-1t* Post Office, Cincinnati, O.

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&c., &c.,
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TO MINSTRELS.---T. H. JACKSON, formerly of Buckleys', is ready to engage as
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CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD:
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$1000—That Duplex, the successful manager and owner of the Spotted Dog, and Inventor of the Dream of Minstrelsy, can take more dead head tickets at the door than all other managers combined.
The above Bets to remain open until shut. 26-tf

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MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
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consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
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DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
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GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
COMBINATION OF STAR ARTISTS,
whose professional abilities have been acknowledged by the press and the public in all the
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MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
comprising BEAUTIFUL BALLETS, BURLESQUES, ETHIOPIAN ACTS, COMIC VOCALISM, PANTOMIMES, CLOG DANCING, GYMNASTIC, GEMS OF THE OPERA, MINSTRELSY, ETC., ETC.
Artists in the above line of business, of acknowledged talent, address immediately CHRIS. NORRIS, Business Manager.
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J. B. ROBERTS,

TRAGEDIAN,
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LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,
DUKE AND HIS MOTTO,
PROVOST OF BURGES,
SCULPTOR OF FLORENCE,
ETHELWOLD,
14-3mo* BELPHEGOR, &c., &c., &c.

WANTED, FOR THE NEW THEATRE, Cairo, Ill., one first class Scene Painter, Juvenile Lady and Leading Lady. For such a liberal salary will be paid. Theatricals can apply at all times, and will receive prompt attention. Address CRUMP & CO., Box 1240, Cairo, Ill. 22-3m.*

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NEW ORLEANS.
Sole Proprietors .... BEN DE BAR and E. EDDY.
As certain interested parties have circulated an unfounded report as regards the above establishment, to the effect that it will not open the present season, I deem it my duty to the artists engaged to refute the same.
The St. Charles, which is the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in the southern country, is at present undergoing extensive repairs, and will open for the regular season at an early date, with a powerful company, assisted by the best stars in the country. E. EDDY.
All applications for engagements must be addressed to
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COMPOSED OF SIXTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS,
APPEAR EVERY EVENING,
IN A
CHASTE AND ELEGANT ENTERTAINMENT, 23-tf

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VIOLIN LEADER WANTED.---A celebrated and respectable troupe require a good and experienced Leader—one well qualified to Arrange Music. One playing a brass instrument, preferred. Address, with full particulars and lowest terms, "ALPHA," Cleveland, Ohio. 26

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, ASTLEY'S

LONDON, ENGLAND.
LESSEE..MR. E. T. SMITH
DIRECTOR...............................MR. EDWARD STIRLING
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
The world renowned Equestrienne, Pantomimist, and
QUEEN OF THE GYMNASTS,
has been engaged for the
THEATRE ROYAL, ASTLEY'S,
and will open the season on
THE 26th OF SEPTEMBER,
in the
GREAT MENKEN SPECIALTY,
"MAZEPPA!"
Mr. E. T. Smith takes pleasure in being able to present to the London public the immortal Tartar
POEM AND ROMANCE
in that graphic perfection of interpretation and marvellous grace of heroic embodiment which have so completely identified its dramatic existence with the fame of
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MELO-DRAMATIC ARTISTE!
In the Atlantic States and in California,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN'S
original, startling, and thoroughly artistic enaction of
"MAZEPPA," THE BEAUTIFUL PAGE,
"MAZEPPA," THE DEFIANT SWORDSMAN,
"MAZEPPA," THE DARING RIDER,
"MAZEPPA," THE KING OF TARTARY,
Has established a standard by which all other performances of the kind are judged, and which has not been approached by any one of the host of imitators continually endeavoring to profit by its world-wide reputation.
Like all other striking and original successes, whether in art or literature,
THE MENKEN MAZEPPA
has had its envious assailants, whose cant has helped notably to secure that completeness of public attention without which no triumph can be entire; and the fact remains that the impersonation in question has created the most vivid and lasting sensation known to the dramatic world. The greatest proof of this being that from the performance of this wonderful play alone in America Miss Menken netted the sum of
TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
And in the State of California, for
ONE HUNDRED PERFORMANCES
This great artiste received the princely sum of
FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
The management of the
THEATRE ROYAL, ASTLEY'S,
have been obliged to accede to Miss Menken's terms of
ONE HALF OF THE GROSS RECEIPTS, NIGHTLY,
with the additional expense of her grooms, equestrian directors, stage box, and dressing rooms, and a large company, including many public favorites, and a production of the celebrated drama with an elaboration of effects, perfection of accessories, and completeness of dramatic details worthy of the
THEATRE AND THE ARTISTE!
A Splendid
CAVALCADE OF HORSES,
introducing Miss Menken's Flying Steed
HAIDEE-UL-AZEEM.
☞ At the conclusion of this famous artiste's engagement in London at the
THEATRE ROYAL, ASTLEY'S,
she will appear in PARIS, playing her great speciality in the
22 FRENCH LANGUAGE!

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EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK.
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